A New Army for the New Germany

July 20, 1961 25¢

REVIVALISM ON THE FAR RIGHT

THE REPORTER

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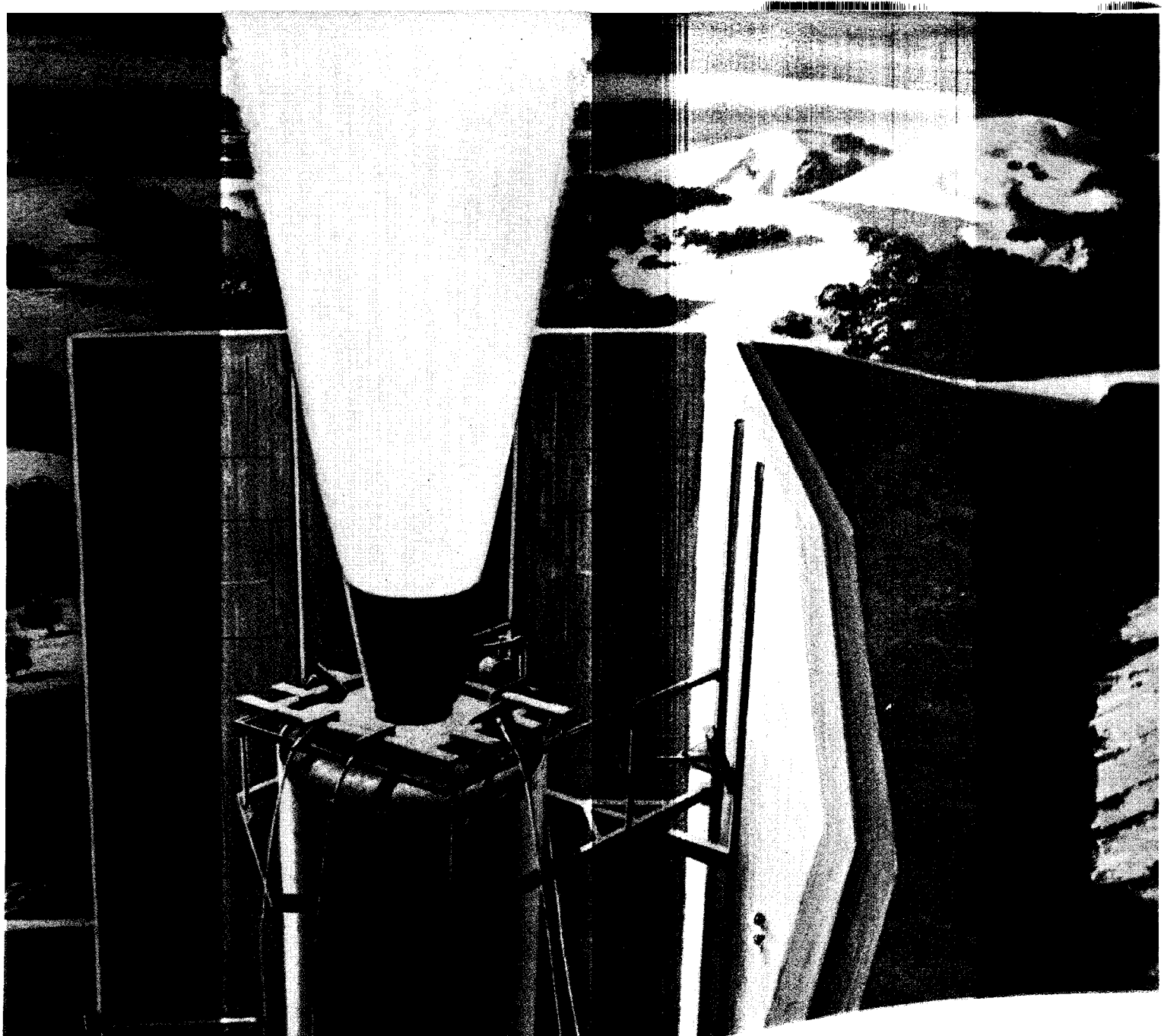

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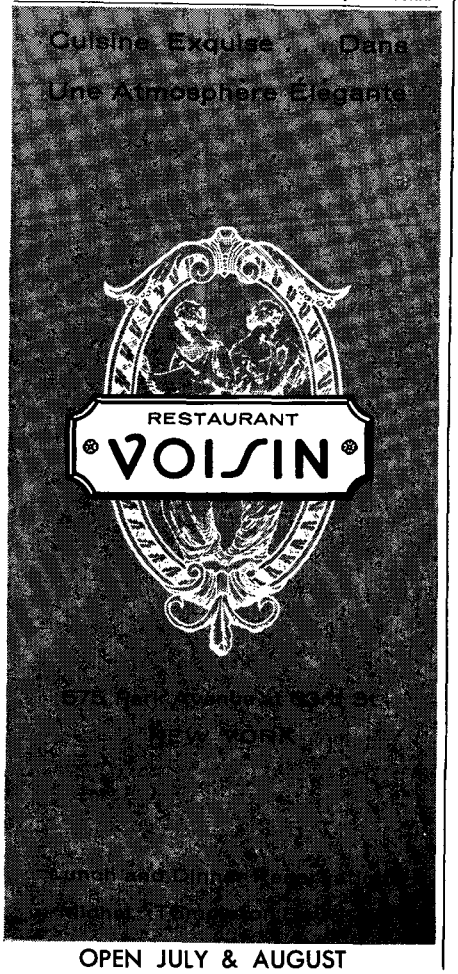

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Moreover, the bookstore prices of good books have been going up and up. In our economy, consumers are increasingly differentiating between the list and market prices of most items. The book club, by providing wide distribution — plus the convenience of mail delivery — enables readers to obtain books at substantial discounts. If you buy your books through The Mid-Century Book Society, you can save 50% or more through low member's prices and free bonus books of your own choice.

Today's book clubs cater to different publics and have different working principles, from mere general merchandising to highly specialized selections, such as books on science or sports. The Mid-Century Book Society was formed two years ago to offer its members Literature in the traditional sense, new books that are most likely to endure, and the less-than-new of the same quality that may have been overlooked in the hurly-burly of publishing and advertising.

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No three editors could be found who differed more in background, national origins, temperament, and professional specialization. They read the large numbers of "possible" books that the presses of Europe and America produce — biography, history, superior fiction, drama, belles lettres, and current events — and choose only those few they value enough to put on their shelves and recommend to their fellow Mid-Centurions.

They do more: they read and judge and they also write for The Mid-Century magazine a review of each selection, a review in no way slanted to make a book appear any better than it is, a review as unaffected as the choice itself. The very fact that these men are willing to do this in the midst of their otherwise full literary lives is perhaps the best guaranty that this particular club is, within the limits of human fallibility, just what it professes to be: An aid to the thoughtful reader who wants to own only the very best books at the greatest possible savings.

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RM 7-20

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE FIRST ISSUE our nation, indeed the West as a whole, faces is that of Berlin and of Germany. It has been raised by Khrushchev. Since Thanksgiving Day, 1958, we have been living with it. Slowly but inexorably it has grown both in objective importance and in the anguished concern of men. Since the beginning, the editorial position of *The Reporter* has been quite definite. "No retreat from Berlin" was the title of an editorial **Max Ascoli** wrote immediately after that Thanksgiving Day. His editorial in this issue stresses the same position, but of course the danger now is greater. For Khrushchev's much-postponed ultimata now require a decisive answer.

The prospect of the German Army now becoming armed with nuclear weapons is the major justification advanced by Khrushchev for a revision of Berlin's status and for a peace treaty with East Germany. Our staff writer **George Bailey** went to visit Franz Josef Strauss, the young German politician who is responsible for that army. Mr. Bailey found the defense minister to be an entirely new kind of German—in a way more of a European than a German—and entirely devoted to the Atlantic alliance. Herr Strauss has made it clear: the function of the Bundeswehr is above all to link the new Germany to the West.

THE ARTICLE "Revivalism on the Far Right" by our executive editor deals with various movements at the radical Right fringe of our politics that have become active lately. For the making of this article we are greatly indebted to subscribers and friends in many parts of the country who have brought disturbing situations in their communities to our attention and provided material to document their concern. . . . The three thousand school-board members who met at their annual convention in Philadelphia recently found it impossible to reach agreement on such rather topical subjects as Federal aid and desegregation. **Barbara Carter,** a member of our staff, reviews their deliberations. . . . Geographically, Iran is both the most vital and the most vulnerable member of the Central Treaty Organization—and Russia knows it. **Gordon Brook-Shepherd,** a correspondent for the London *Sunday Telegraph,* evaluates the situation. . . . For thorough corruption and backwardness, Haiti sets something of a record. Indeed, the problems of President François Duvalier's private realm are so overwhelming that so far even the ever-helpful traveling salesmen of Communism don't want to get entangled there. **J. P. Maxwell** is a free-lance writer. . . . **Turhan Tirana,** who is with the Associated Press in Philadelphia, discusses the recent political scandal in that city with reference to the effect it may have on the fortunes of Representative William Green, one of the few remaining big-city bosses.

CRITICISM of Madison Avenue, the communications media, and so forth is sometimes as repetitive and cliché-ridden as the ineptness it decries. **Ken Macrorie,** however, is not so much concerned with bad television and newspapers as with the deluge of it all, good and bad. Mr. Macrorie is a member of the department of English at Western Michigan University. . . . **Sidney Alexander** writes from his home in Florence of the waves of T-shirted or Bermuda-shorted young Americans who annually descend upon Italy in search of scholarship. Mr. Alexander is the author of *Michelangelo the Florentine* (Random House) and has recently completed another volume in his fictionalized biography of the painter. . . . **Jay Jacobs,** whose work both as an artist and as a writer has appeared often in *The Reporter,* has been living for the past year in Arles in the South of France. . . . **Patricia Blake, a** writer specializing in Russian affairs, has made several extended visits to the Soviet Union. . . . **George Steiner** is the author of *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky* and *The Death of Tragedy* (both published by Knopf). . . . **F. W. Dupee,** a member of the English Department at Columbia, edited *The Autobiography of Henry James* for Criterion.

Our cover, an impression of Berlin, is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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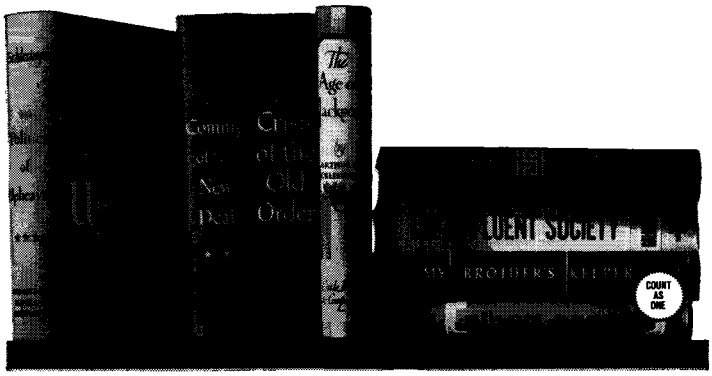

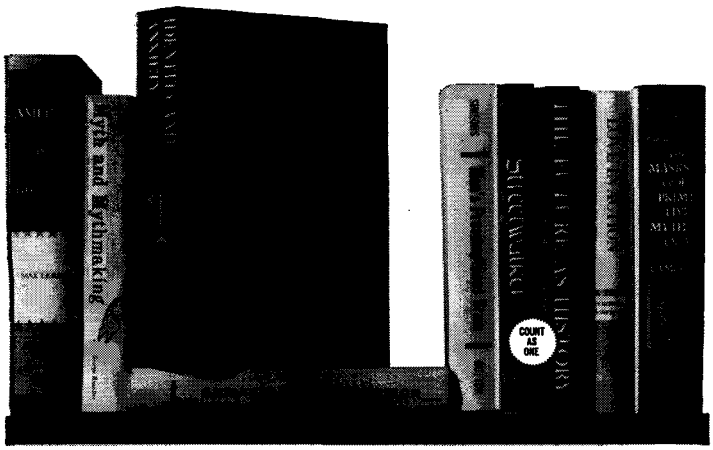

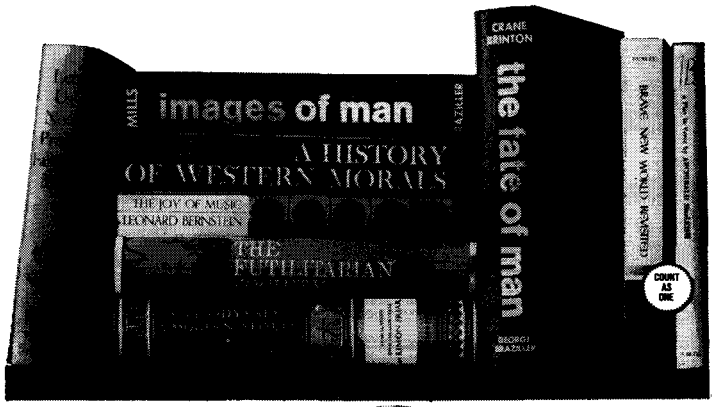

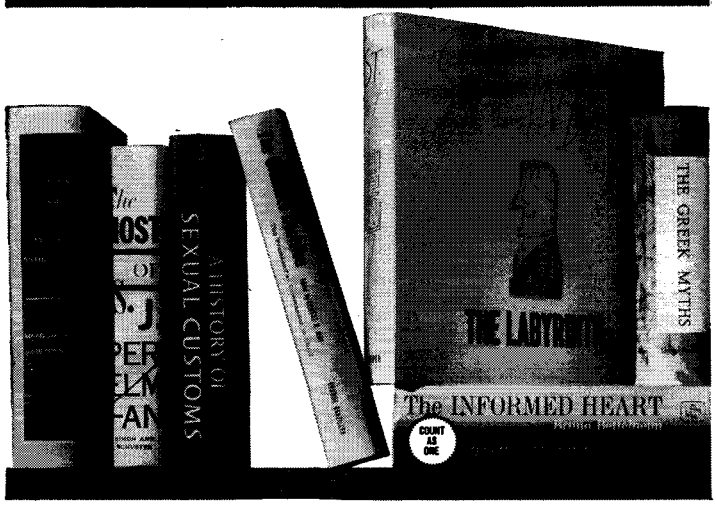

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THE FREEDOM RIDERS

To the Editor: I rejoice that you have featured Dr. Eugene V. Rostow's splendid article on "The Freedom Riders and the Future," coupled with the excellent brief article by David Halberstam (*The Reporter*, June 22).

Much as we can sympathize with this effort to publicize the violent means used to keep the Negro "in his place" by segregationist methods, many of us wish that the same collective energy could be expended in the less exciting but much more important task of inducing the largest possible vote registration, followed by the largest possible voting by Negroes. This is the one key that unlocks the door, North as well as South, to freedom and equality for Negroes.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER
Spokane, Washington

To the Editor: There can surely be little doubt that we have indeed reached a crisis in the rule of law when the dean of Yale's Law School gives his blessing to the activities of a group of *agents provocateurs* whose only claim to public notice is that some of them have done time in Federal prisons as so-called "conscientious objectors."

J. HILL HULL
Arlington, Virginia

To the Editor: Thank you for the items related to Freedom Riders in your June 22 issue.

I liked Mr. Rostow's article very much. He is too generous in including South Carolina in the list of nonviolent states, but Virginia and North Carolina do belong.

My reaction to David Halberstam's "The Kids Take Over" is probably conditioned by my own age. As the oldest of the original Freedom Riders and husband of the second oldest, I may overestimate the value of the broad range in age, eighteen to sixty-one, in the group that left Washington on May 4. Bigelow, who was beaten at Rock Hill, and Peck, who was twice beaten savagely, were both about fifty. And James Farmer, now in Jackson jail, is in his forties. This is a problem of all America and all Americans.

WALTER BERGMAN
Farmington, Michigan

THE FACTS OF SEVAREID

To the Editor: Now it is Eric Sevareid who, no doubt without meaning to, is contributing to the needless polarization of American opinion ("The Facts of Life," *The Reporter*, July 6). He should be reminded that there has always been in America a large body of liberals (what else can a supporter of the Constitution be?) who see the need for strength and willingness to fight as well as the need for social reform and humanitarian vision. We have refused, since well before World War the Second, to believe in the easy answer that either alone is enough. Surely Mr. Sevareid doesn't believe it either, so why panic now and give comfort to those who think a squad of guerrilla fighters will solve all our problems? We need a Peace Corps squad, too. Let Mr. Sevareid be assured that with or without him, we shall be calling for both.

PAUL A. GAGNON
Assistant Professor of History
University of Massachusetts
Amherst

To the Editor: At the conclusion of his article, Mr. Sevareid states: "We can afford to lose everything—except respect for our strength and determination." If the United States is to lose everything but the characteristics of a dictatorship, if we are to lose those traits which distinguish and make great a free country in order to win the cold war, then we can have no purpose in winning it. The United States must fight to maintain its ideals, not only itself; and if it becomes the "winning" without being also the "moral side," it will have achieved a worthless victory.

JOEL B. LIDOV
Great Neck, New York

To the Editor: Thank God someone has had the courage to come right out and state unequivocally "The Facts of Life" as they relate to our unenviable position in foreign affairs. It is not easy or pleasant for a nation dedicated to reasonableness and human decencies to accept the bitter realities of the present struggle with Communism. But as Eric Sevareid says so forcibly, desperate peoples of the small countries want to be on the winning side first, and can only hope that the winning side will also be the moral side. It is our duty to posterity to make sure that *we* are the winning side. Perhaps only by sacrificing some measure of plaudits for morality and purity can we save the world from barbarity.

EDGAR FRENCH
Seattle

DRIP-DRY DRAMAS

To the Editor: Congratulations on Marya Mannes's remarkably perceptive and fair-minded piece on the soap operas ("Massive Detergence," *The Reporter*, July 6).

I had occasion to drop a footnote about them myself before the FCC lately, and I agree with Miss Mannes that as far as the form itself goes, they *could* make a sort of Balzacian chronicle of family life, but that is all in the realm of the sorrowful *if only* . . .

DAVID DAVIDSON
New York

To the Editor: I am not questioning Marya Mannes's treatment of her subject, which I found absorbing, pene-

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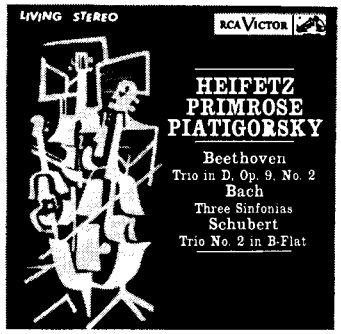

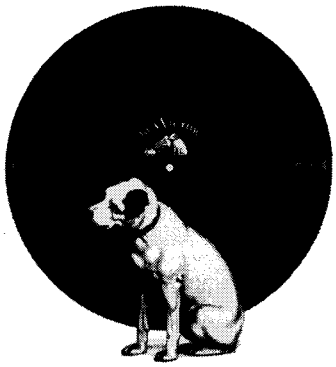

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trating, and entertaining, as I find most of her writing. I am, however, beginning to wonder about the abundance of articles on television, written by people of her caliber, where the message seems to be primarily "Television has the potential of serving a useful purpose in our society. However, it is not doing that."

Whenever someone questions me on the subject of television, and I answer that I do not own a set, I am invariably greeted with raised eyebrows and a comment about how "lucky" I am. It is hardly an inborn talent. I feel at this point that the most potent weapon against current TV fare is to have enough of the minority quietly turn the thing off.

WIN ANN WINKLER
New York

TOO MUCH IN THE SUN

To the Editor: The section "As Others See Us" in *The Reporter's* Notes of July 6, 1961, is disturbing to read. I cannot decide whether the piece is satirical or intended as serious reporting. Although I have not made a study of the situation, every bit of knowledge I have concerning South Vietnam peasants leads me to the impression that theirs is a marginal life, full of hard work in order to have the bare necessities of a very simple life. I understand that illiteracy is the rule for these people.

From this background I cannot accept the direct quotations given in the article and ascribed to "local rice farmers" and a "sunburnt, tired" wife. They display a vocabulary and grasp of legislative jargon and procedure that would be expected (but not always found) in a political science major from an American university. How is it that these South Vietnamese peasants can achieve such a grasp of abstract concepts and specific legislative details in contrast to illiterate, poverty-stricken peasants in other parts of the world?

There seem to be two alternative explanations. 1. I am ignorant of the true situation among South Vietnamese peasants, and these people actually are capable of the concepts, opinions, and verbiage ascribed to them in this article; 2. This article was composed in an armchair by someone who, at best, was describing opinions believed to be prevalent.

This article needs an explanation. Who wrote it? On what experience was it based? How extensive was the experience? Were the interviews with the local farmers direct?

Please forgive me if my ignorance and lack of sense of humor have caused me to take the article seriously if it was intended as satire.

WILLIAM MORTON, M.D.
University of Michigan
School of Public Health
Ann Arbor

(Yes, it was.)

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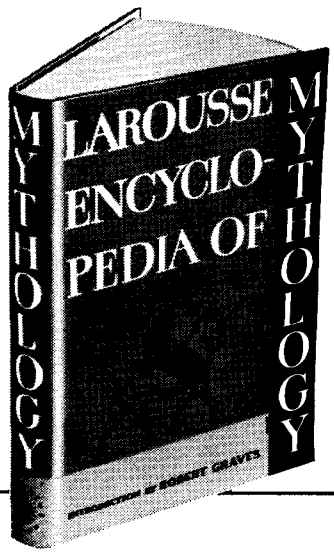

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A Farewell

There was no eulogy at the graveside for Ernest Hemingway. There was no need for one. And all we would say about him now is the same thing we had to say in this space when the great hunter finally bagged the big one, the Nobel Prize. Since an author is alive as long as his books are read and valued, we see no need to change the tenses in what we wrote seven years ago:

There are two things in *A Farewell to Arms*, and they are the same two things that are in everything Hemingway writes—love and war. We must admit that the affair with Catherine Barkley didn't do the same thing to us this time that it did when we were much younger. There is a reason. Let's face it, Hemingway's women are projections of the erotic imagination. Catherine Barkley says as much. "I want what you want. There isn't any me any more. Just what you want." Young men, like older men too long at the front or too long in a hospital from wounds, all dream of having a Catherine Barkley some day. Most of them don't, at least not for long, and eventually they learn to accept real women, and even to enjoy having them around. Hemingway appears never to have given up that dream. Under it all, the tough guy is an incurable romantic. Let those who have never known that dream call it a fault in his writing.

Hemingway is a romantic about war, too, and no other living writer has been able to remember and to write about the terrible beauty of the old-fashioned kind of war that was still human so well as he. At one point in his magnificent description of the retreat from Caporetto he tells how he does it: "I was always embarrassed by the words sacred, glorious, and sacrifice and the expression in vain. We had heard them, sometimes standing in the rain almost out of earshot, so that only the shouted words came through, and had read them, on proclamations that were slapped up by billposters over other proclamations, now for a long time, and I had seen nothing sacred, and the things that were glorious had no glory and the sacrifices were like the stockyards at Chicago if nothing was done with the meat except to bury it. There were many words that you could not stand to hear and finally only the names of places had dignity. Certain numbers were the same way and certain dates and these with the names of the places were all you could say and have them mean anything. Abstract words such as glory, honor, courage, or hallow were obscene beside the concrete names of villages . . . the names of rivers, the numbers of regiments and the dates."

Simplicity, economy, and precision enable Hemingway to control actions and emotions that tend otherwise to become chaotic. This is both his style of writing and what he is writing about. If Hemingway may be said to have a message, it is surely that in a world of uncertain values a man must have at least some kind of discipline for himself, one small piece of order amid the general chaos. It may be fighting bulls, it may be catching a big fish, it may be whatever the man himself chooses. And if a man has that discipline, as Hemingway has to a degree that approaches perfection in his writing, if he is serious about even one thing that is important to him, then it doesn't matter if he is foolish about other things.

Catching Up

Private commissions on public policy are often suspected of special pleading, especially on Capitol Hill. Or perhaps more often, fear of being accused of special pleading results in reports whose conclusions are so carefully rounded and so modest that they amount, in the words of Professor Galbraith, to the "bland leading the bland."

Let us consider the report of the twenty-seven-man Commission on Money and Credit, established three years ago to give our financial and monetary system the first thorough nonprofessional investigation it has had in fifty years. The report, sponsored by the Committee for Economic Development and financed by the Ford and Merrill Foundations, was greeted as a "mountain of moderation" by that moderate magazine of business, *Business Week*. Many commentators expressed disappointment that the commission of businessmen, financiers, and farm and labor leaders, advised by some of the country's leading economists, did not produce any novel machinery or ideas.

We don't pretend to be experts in the murky business of national finance or to have savored all the nuances from the 282 pages of impeccable Brooks Brothers prose. But we are moved to comment that the commission seems to have said quite a lot, which, if it became accepted in public discussion of economic policy, would bring that policy much closer to the minimum con-

(*Continued on page 16*)

BIG BAD WOLF

All the little piglets shiver in their skin,
All the big Teamsters are moving in,
And the roar from the one with the Teamster crown
Is a Hoffa and a puffa and a blow your house down.

—SEC

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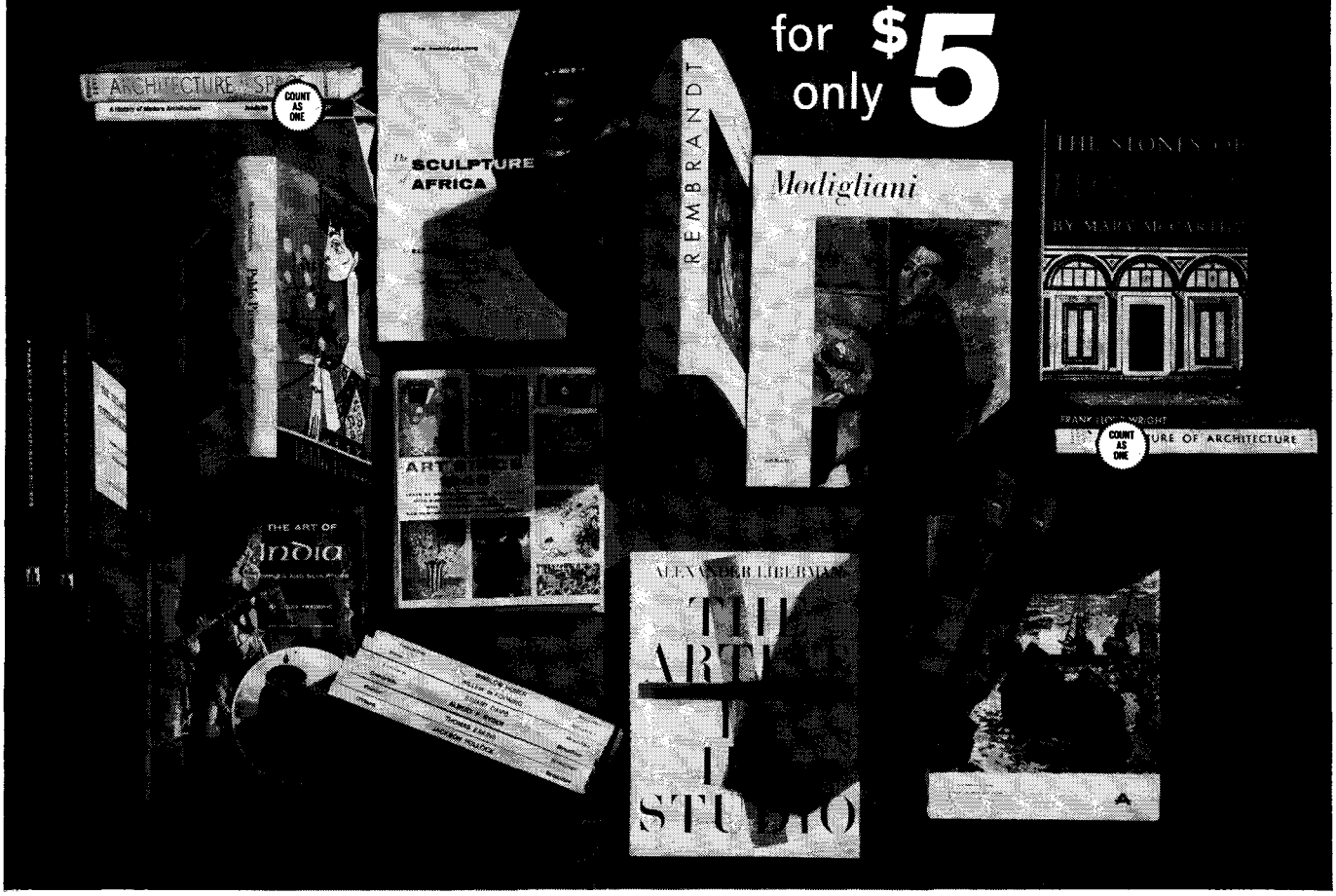

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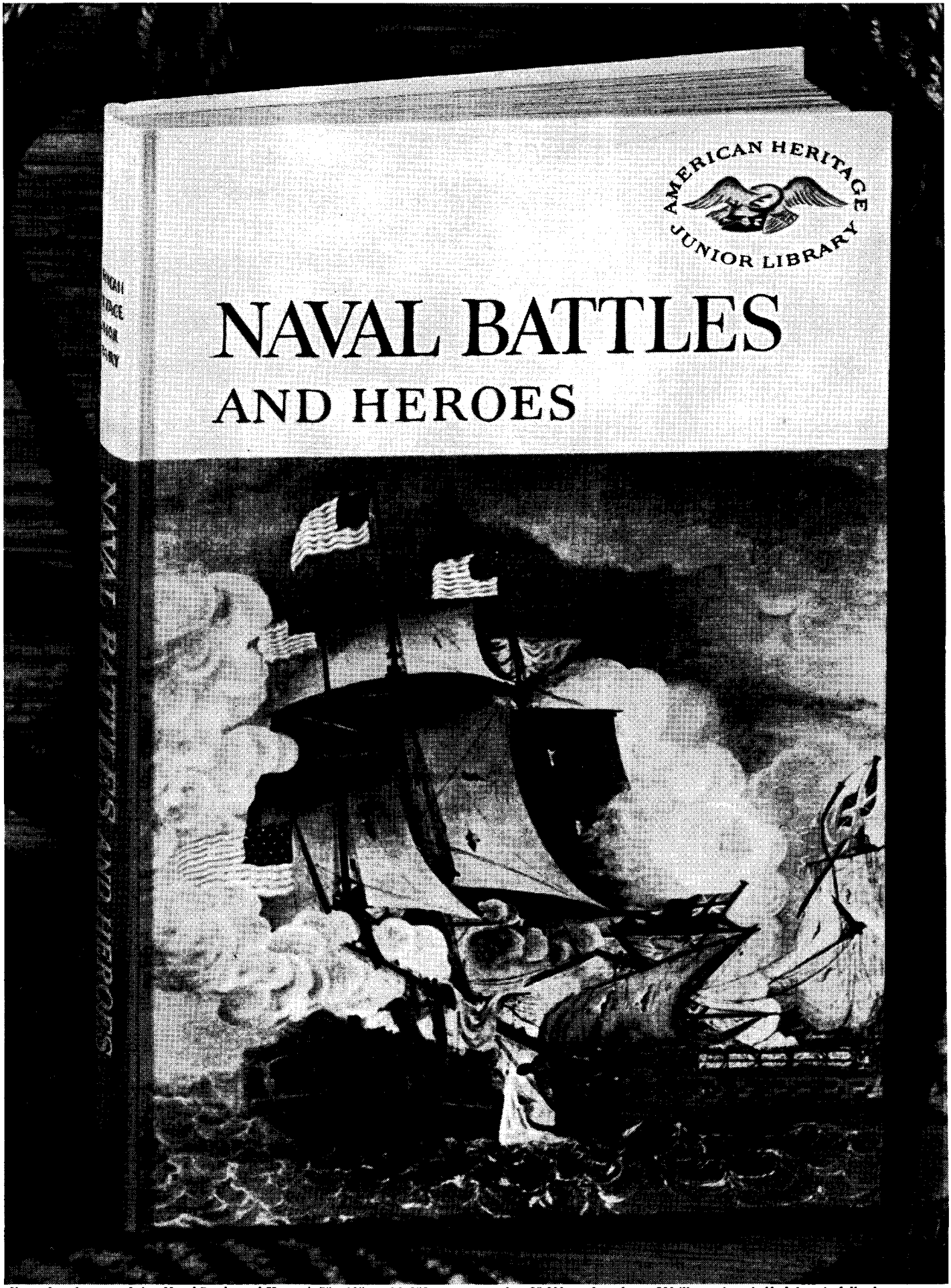

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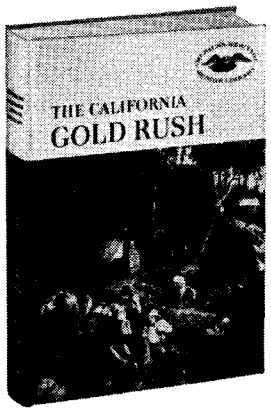

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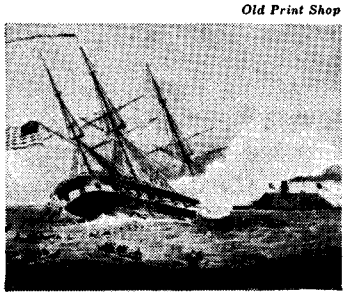
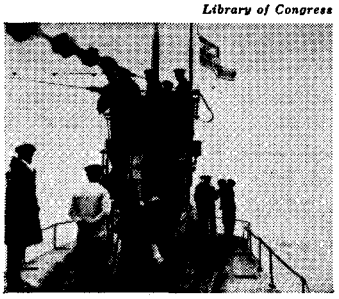


1862: FIRST IRONCLAD
Confederate ironclad *Merrimac* ramming the wooden sloop *Cumberland.* The Union ship refused to surrender and went down with her colors flying.

Chicago Historical Society

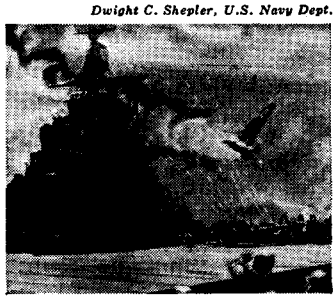
1898: THE "MAINE" BLOWS UP
Mysterious explosion of the battleship *Maine* at Havana, which killed 260 of the crew and soon led to the Spanish American War and Cuban independence.

Library of Congress



1918: CAPTURED U-BOAT
One of the fleet of German submarines which terrorized Allied shipping in the North Atlantic until hunted down by American and British destroyers.

Dwight C. Shepler, U.S. Navy Dept.



1945: "KAMIKAZE" ATTACK
Japanese *Kamikaze,* or suicide plane, narrowly missing the aircraft carrier *Hornet* in a last-ditch effort to destroy the victorious American Pacific fleet.

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sensus which exists in the economics profession.

The commission clearly comes out in favor of more vigorous Presidential control over and responsibility for economic policy. It would have the President name the chairman and vice-chairman of the Federal Reserve Board for terms coinciding with his. It would have him report quarterly to Congress on the steps taken by the Fed, as well as other government agencies whenever the economic situation "shows a tendency significantly counter to the objectives set forth in the Employment Act . . ." It would give the President authority to order a temporary but substantial cut in the lowest bracket of the income tax as an anti-recession measure. It would make the Fed's advisory board more representative of general economic interests, such as labor and agriculture, than the present custom of confining membership to commercial bankers. It would reduce the Federal Reserve Board from seven men to five and centralize the operations of the Reserve System to a much greater extent. It would bring pension funds under government regulation.

These and many other recommendations in the report all move in the direction of economic planning. The report stops short—in fact, rejects—the idea of setting specific numerical targets for economic growth. The commission was more concerned with evening out the business cycle than with promoting growth as a national objective, and this drew sharp criticism from a minority. "The report admirably sums up what we thought should be done ten years ago," one expert critic remarked. "We ought now to be planning for economic growth, not worrying about countercyclical policies." But a lag of only ten years in economic policy may in reality be a pretty good definition of progress. If the commission's report succeeds in helping Congress catch up in these matters, it will have been successful indeed. Congress, which too often speaks on economic matters through such voices as that of Senator Harry Byrd, sometimes seems not ten years but at least a generation behind the ideas endorsed by the commission.

Guests, Beware!

We are deeply interested in the case of Wallman *v.* Onish now pending before New York State Supreme Court. The Wallmans had come to dine with the Onishes. Mrs. Onish was in the kitchen carving the turkey and Mrs. Wallman was sitting at the kitchen table where her hostess was carving. Mrs. Onish's hand was greasy and she dropped the carving knife which cut Mrs. Wallman's foot. Mrs. Wallman is now suing Mrs. Onish for damages caused by neglect, and Mrs. Onish is retorting that Mrs. Wallman by not mentioning the greasy hand from which the knife slipped contributed to the neglect. Justice Geller felt that perhaps Mrs. Wallman kept silent for fear of "doing anything which would appear to reflect upon the actions of a hostess." To satisfy our own feeling that Mrs. Wallman had no business being in the kitchen in the first place, we looked up the operative rulings in Emily Post. Unfortunately we were able to find nothing decisive since the leading characters in Mrs. Post's opus spend little enough time in their own kitchens and none in those of their hostesses.

The reason we are so eager to get to the bottom of this is that we feel it is about time that New Yorkers prepared themselves for the coming U.N. session with a clear-cut set of rules and obligations. The storm brewing over the reorganization of the Secretariat suggests the possibility of the arrival here of more of those raucous and litigious guests this fall, and it would be well to settle in advance to what extent they are owed something more than a police guard—i.e., popular forums, television interviews, preplucked chickens, and official U.S. welcomes. So far we are heartened by the precedents cited by the defense attorneys in Wallman *v.* Onish: "It is well settled in New York that a social guest is a mere licensee who must take the premises as he finds them and to whom the host owes only the duty to avoid the maintenance of traps or dangerous defects known to the host and not likely to be discovered by the guest."

TO OUR READERS

Two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* are dropped from the publishing schedule each summer. Accordingly, after this July 20 issue your next copy will be dated August 17. That will be followed by the September 14 issue, when our regular fortnightly schedule will be resumed.

The Smell of the Jungle

In the Pentagon the other day, reporters interviewed an officer recently returned from a distant Asian country where he had been engaged in "advising" the natives how best to deal with Communist guerrillas. For over a year this impressive man with lean jaw and determined eyes had lived with specially picked groups, toughened them, taught them the brutal hand-to-hand techniques of that exasperating warfare.

It was a place where the Communist guerrillas work their terror mainly by night, then retreat deep into the jungle. To follow them by way of trails is at best useless, at worst disastrous, for they are capable of instant alert and quick retaliation. The troops must inch their way forward through the thick of the jungle, as free of heavy packs and heavy weapons as are the Communist guerrillas themselves. They must wade streams that are full of leeches. One learns that the burning tip of a cigarette butt applied to a leech is the most expeditious method of removal.

It takes only eighteen weeks, the officer said, to turn a native soldier into a first-rate guerrilla fighter, capable of meeting the Communists on their own terms. Already the results are beginning to show. A year ago, the majority of the "incidents" in the vicinity were Communist initiated. Now the initiative is shifting the other way.

By the wondrous logic of the military, the officer's travel orders had caused him to miss meeting his successor in order to communicate his valuable experience. He had put it all in a memorandum which he obligingly read to the reporters. Couched in the usual stilted language inhabitants of the Pentagon inflict on one another, it had somehow lost the smell of the jungle.

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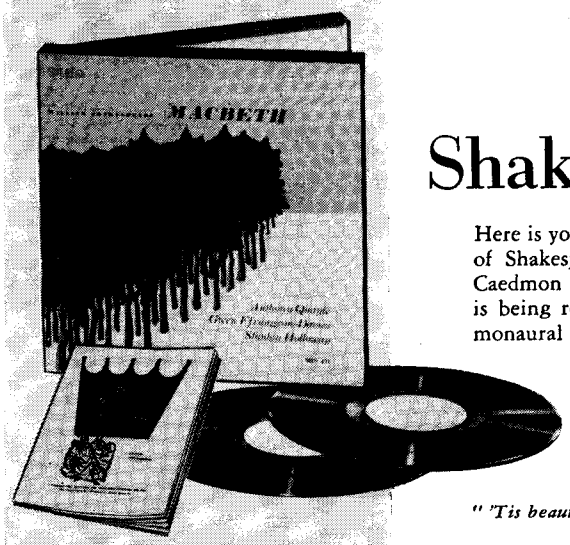

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Othello, ACT I, SCENE 3

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The Long Moment of Truth

It is coming. The test, the confrontation is coming between the West and the Communist empire, between our peace and their peace. For free men it is enough of a humiliation to have to admit that the trial imposed on us these days might perhaps have been avoided if our leaders since the ending of the war had been more farsighted and vigorous. But there is no humiliation that cannot be overcome if we and our leaders are firm and unafraid in thinking through the situation that is facing us now. True, it could not be more awesome and risky. It is as if West Berlin were our own home, and on its freedom depended what makes life worth living.

Since that unforgettable day in November, 1958, when he first raised the issue of West Berlin, Khrushchev has been going at it rather gingerly, considering that West Berlin and Germany have been his major aim ever since he became Stalin's successor. The most weighty reason for his comparative patience has to do with the means of warfare that the Soviet Union, after having caught up with us in the production of nuclear weapons, has been testing and piling up. The balance of terror made war unrewarding to the pursuit of political aims, and the summit conference in Geneva in 1955 was the formal recognition of this fact on the part of the major powers. But after Geneva, Khrushchev started developing his own substitutes for war. Our side did not, and this gave him the strength to be patient.

After Geneva, Khrushchev started unfolding his pattern of peace. While Soviet diplomacy set about increasing tension, particularly at those peripheral spots where our backing down was foreseeable, Marxist dialectic and the long-perfected, highly diversified technique of insurrection notably contributed to the consolidation and the expansion of the Soviet peace. Khrushchev himself became the most ebullient and plausible impersonator of this peace that was peddled everywhere as *the* peace. There was nothing easier to obtain: with all weapons destroyed and all armed forces disbanded, the control of disarmament would become thoroughly effective because there would be absolutely nothing left to control.

To the few Americans whom he was kind enough to receive and entertain, Khrushchev has been refreshingly candid. There must be reciprocal recognition of the status quo, but his side of the status quo—his peace—is to be accepted with a built-in multiplier of indefinite accretion. His is a dynamic peace, and its blessings will be lavished on the whole world. Khrushchev has been candid in another respect: he has declined to grant our country any special immunity from the verification of the Marxist laws of history. It will all happen via peaceful coexistence.

There has been no lack in our midst of men of good will to whom Khrushchev has exposed his own idea of coexistence, and who, no matter how disturbed, have nevertheless insisted that the disagreement between our side and Khrushchev was somehow negotiable. Or, it has been said, it may turn out to be like the conflict between Mohammedanism and Christianity, two antagonistic conceptions of the earthly life and of the hereafter that, after all, have managed to exist side by side. It must be noted, however, that even in our days, both Moslems and Christians trust in the redemption of the unbeliever. Khrushchev, on the contrary, does not care for our faith any more than for our immortal souls, but cherishes us and all we have as his property. It is all as it should be, he thinks: we are doing badly enough for ourselves, and well enough for him.

The Balance of Diplomacy

A most serious unbalance has developed during the last decade between Soviet diplomacy and ours. The Soviets have proved able to bring about changes to their advantage in spite of the nuclear stalemate; we have let the military stalemate cramp our diplomacy. To this day, our foreign policy is paying the price for the doctrine of massive retaliation, a doctrine wrong in itself and wrong also because its formulation was nothing but a doctrinal, rhetorical exercise. Yet all the mistakes or misjudgments of our past and present leaders which have led to the unbalance between the Soviet diplomacy and ours do not indicate any shift in the military balance of power—contrary to what has been repeatedly

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and repetitiously propounded lately and, unfortunately, re-echoed by President Kennedy. In fact, we and the Soviets are as stalemated as ever. The only difference is that they know how to make use of the absence of war, while we are still groping.

They have been probing our will in a number of peripheral positions, from the Congo to Laos, by using proxy powers. They have done it so frequently, and the notion that we must not waste our forces in counteracting a Soviet proxy has become so ingrained, that finally, in November, 1958, Khrushchev produced his major coup. He offered the West the opportunity to face a Soviet proxy at the most sensitive border in Europe. By signing a peace treaty with the wretched government of East Germany, Soviet Russia would relieve the West from the trouble of confronting the Red Army, and the Red Army would be exempted from the drudgery of keeping an eye on West Berlin.

The Soviet government made its point, and waited for the predictable disarray in the West. Sure enough, the status of Berlin and of West Germany was recognized as negotiable. In fact, negotiations took place at the foreign ministers' level, at Camp David, in the various Allied capitals that Khrushchev took pains to visit. The idea had been planted: the pattern of facing the Allied powers with an unruly Communist colony could one day be transplanted from Asia, where it had been successfully tested, to the very heart of Europe. Therefore that cancer, West Berlin, could be disposed of, and West Germany pulled away from NATO.

The Irrefutable Fact

It is nearly incredible but the diplomacy of our government did not change much, if at all, after November, 1958. While the Soviet peace was becoming more and more aggressive, our major substitute for war remained the system of real or phony military alliances. The last administration never stopped fostering customs unions and federations among our Atlantic partners, but as things that are good only for others. Some of us cried out in anguish that the Soviet move on Berlin was aimed at our heart, but our voices remained unheeded. We had a Presidential campaign, and the debate between the two candidates was on the nation's prestige, on moving ahead, on national growth, or on Castro. Berlin was seldom if ever mentioned, and NATO received less attention than the Congo.

A new, young administration came to power, and if there was less talk about the blessings of liberty, the words liberty and freedom were, if anything, even more frequently used, though shorn of blessings. All the foreign policies of the previous administration were vigorously and concurrently pursued, including strengthening NATO, forgetting it at the U.N., exporting packaged samples of the American Revolution wherever there was a competing revolution around, plus advocating Africa for the Africans, thereby applauding with equal zest supranationalism in Europe and bush-league nationalism for the most improbable countries.

Now the danger is here as never before in our history. The President knows it, even if the nation is not nearly as aroused as it should be. The danger spot, of course, has the same name: Berlin. Khrushchev is borne along by the confidence he has gained during the nearly three years since he sounded the first alarm. Our performances in Cuba and Laos have done nothing to depress him. He seems in a great hurry, though the reasons he gave Walter Lippmann are scarely credible—unless his alleged fear that West Germany will acquire nuclear weapons hides his determination to crush West Germany by force of arms.

What makes Khrushchev so hurried is the stinking rottenness of East Germany, a rottenness made ever more irreparable and irrefutable by the very existence of West Berlin. The freakish situation of that city, created by the casual haste of our wartime leaders, has led to the most compelling reality of our times. Freedom, with blessings or plain, is much talked about. But in Berlin freedom is a fact.

That fact, that escape hatch, holds the hope of life not only for the people of East Germany but for all the Europeans under Communist rule, including the Russians. The more than four million who have escaped from East Germany are only an evidence of what happens when men under Communism have a chance. In the coming months, we must be guided by the thought that whatever we do will be not only for our own survival but for the people on the other side.

We have some hard, hard months ahead. What until now we all considered unthinkable—the prospect of that war—has to be thought through. This does not mean to wish for that horror. No one can have the arrogance of promoting it, nor of ruling it out. Of course there will be and must be negotiations. But there is so little that is negotiable. How could our representatives tell their Russian counterparts: Stay put, don't trust that stooge of yours, for the people of East Germany may rise again?

THIS TIME, there should be negotiations of the summit variety, and they should take place well inside Communist territory. Khrushchev has come to the West often enough. Now it is time for the people under Communism, and above all for the Russians, to see and hear men like Kennedy, de Gaulle, and perhaps Eisenhower. All our leaders can well stand the confrontation with the Soviet ruler. Perhaps there is something human in that old man, and he may be scared of what's ahead, tossed around as he is by so many currents, clutching his Marxist amulets.

Our government—all of us—must stand firm, encompass the whole situation including that horror, and make clear to all men, most of all to those on the other side, that our charity is as unquestionable as our courage.

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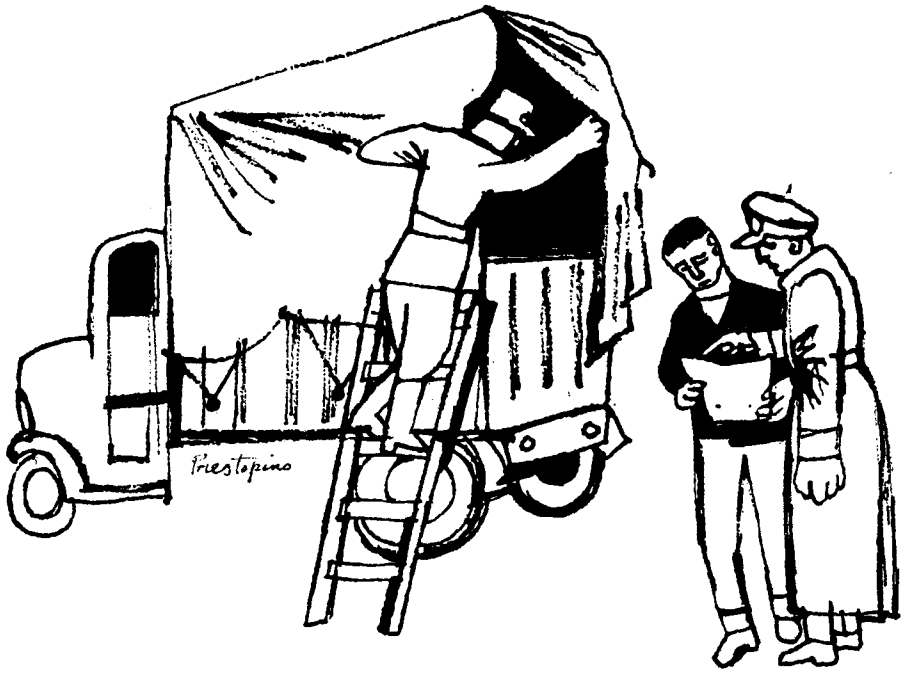

A New Army for the New Germany

GEORGE BAILEY

BONN

FRANZ JOSEF STRAUSS is easily the most controversial figure in Germany. It is generally conceded that he has the best mental equipment in German political life. After Adenauer, he is perhaps the one man in German politics who has the quality of being at home with power that makes a great politician. "Watch Strauss!" is the standard cry of friend and foe alike. "He is the new Germany!"

A brilliant speaker, Strauss is at his best in debate. During the first defense debate in parliament Strauss stopped the opposition in its tracks with an impassioned speech: "The peoples of the world," he said at one point, "would be happier if the military did not exist. But the German people will never be taken in by the swindle of those who propose German disarmament and neutrality."

Hecklers at Strauss's stormy press conferences and political rallies usually find themselves skewered by him before they can even sit down. At the same time, however, Strauss is unquestionably the most unpopular public figure in West Germany.

The day of our interview, a political cartoonist was convicted in a libel action for depicting the West German minister of defense in *Lederhosen* biting a carpet. The court found that the rug-biting aspect of the cartoon clearly intended a comparison with Hitler. Strauss is the cartoonist's delight. A naturally fat man with a lantern jaw and a Kewpie doll mouth, he is usually represented as an unseemly Siegfried in a bearskin and horned helmet. The horns are often miniature atom bombs, the Teutonic bludgeon a hydrogen warhead.

Public and private attacks on Strauss are part of German daily life. Two years ago a West German grade-school teacher was disciplined for instructing her pupils that Strauss was a menace to Germany's young democracy. In a recent public-opinion poll conducted by the Allenbach Institute of Demoscopy, Strauss ranked last in popularity—and a very poor last—among West Germany's leading politicians.

"The trouble with Strauss," said an American official in Bonn recently, "is that he doesn't understand Germany. He acts as if nothing happened between 1933 and 1945." Strauss was seventeen when the Nazis came to power. When the Second World War began, he was twenty-three and leading a cloistered existence at the University of Munich. His adult experience began during the war in which he served as a lieutenant of artillery. Chronologically he belongs to both the war and postwar generations. Psychologically he is curiously free from the inhibitions of either. He has declared himself ready to accept the onus of violating the various taboos erected by the postwar German neurosis. He does not share the collective German fear of being misunderstood. Sooner

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or later, he has said, the charmed circle of a bad conscience must be broken. Germans must stop allowing themselves and others to regard Germans as suitable objects of international educational experiments. And above all, he said, they must accept their full share of the burden of international responsibility. Is it perhaps that Germany does not understand Strauss?

THE TROUBLE is that Strauss is minister of defense in a country with the most monumental militaristic hangover of all time—where a pair of jackboots worn by a farmer still gives the average citizen the shudders. West Germany expects its minister of defense to be apologetic about his job. The tendency is to confuse defense with militarism. Defense policy—even collective NATO policy—is widely regarded in Germany as a result of the ceaseless machinations of one man: Strauss. Atomic weapons for the German Army were not pressed on Strauss, runs the accusation of the German opposition; it was Strauss who pressed for atomic weapons.

Strauss is apparently guilty of the unforgivable sin of liking his job. Still worse, he is supercharged with energy. As a result he has fallen into the mold of the nation's worst apprehensions. There is also much about the man—his appearance, his manner, his drive, his lurching gait, even his throaty, grating voice—that conjures up visions of tin-bucket Teutonic knight slogging doggedly across the ice to attack Alexander Nevsky. Most ominous of all, Strauss himself is specifically German; Germany itself no longer is. Germany itself, more than any other country, is fearful of *Deutschtum,* of things German. As one German official put it, "Strauss is terribly Bavarian, and the Bavarians are . . . shall we say close to nature. I tell you it is no coincidence that the other fellow came from down that way, too."

Before going in to interview the defense minister, I had a few minutes with his press officer, Colonel Gerd Schmückle. What was the reason, I asked, for Strauss's unpopularity? "Three years ago," answered Schmückle, "the Social Democratic Party singled out the defense minister as its prime target. Since then the attacks have steadily increased." This was a reference to what the CDU/-CSU press service, the official voice of the incumbent Christian Democratic Party, has called the "systematic devilizing of Strauss by the opposition." Private voices from the party leadership, however, contribute to the devilization. "It is fortunate," Schmückle added, "that the minister has such a robust constitution. A weaker man would have been broken long before this."

"A weaker man," countered a Christian Democrat leader privately some time later, "would not have drawn so much concentrated fire in the first place. Strauss overdoes it: there's no need to harp on atomic armaments for the Bundeswehr. We've got them and everybody knows we've got them. So why should we broadcast it?"

The Lost Tradition

The main source of the postwar German dilemma is the fact that the traditional continuity of the nation was largely destroyed by the Nazi régime and its catastrophic end. This was particularly true of the military, where the tradition became anathema. In fact, almost all specific German military traditions were replaced by corresponding taboos. Virtually everything that existed before 1933, however commendable, was taken over and hopelessly compromised by the Nazis. For this reason it is even impossible to rehabilitate old regimental names. Some nineteenth-century heroes, like Scharnhorst and Beck, are being gingerly revived to supply names for new army installations. But virtually every military personality of the Second World War is taboo. The single major exception is Field Marshal Rommel, who was not only a great soldier admired by both sides but who was implicated in the plot of July 20, 1944, to assassinate the Führer and to overthrow the Nazi régime.

One of the signal achievements of the Bundeswehr during Strauss's tenure as minister of defense has been the resolution of the controversy between the German wartime resistance and the vast majority of Germans who fought or worked blindly for the fatherland to the bitter end. I asked Strauss how the resolution had been brought about.

"I can tell you," answered Strauss, "from my own experience in the Second World War that in a totalitarian state the scope of a man's knowledge of the course of events depended on his position. The man at the front had no point of vantage from which to view the state of affairs. The same colonel who fought for Hitler's victory at the front, after being transferred back to army headquarters, realized that the sacrifices at the front were in vain and were made in the service of the criminal clique at the helm of the state. If he hadn't come home, if he had remained at the front, he wouldn't have changed his point of view. That is the point of departure for me. Each man must appreciate the motives of the other, provided that he acted honorably and fairly. The man who, because of his limited perspective, was against the uprising on July 20 must understand the integrity of the motives of the revolutionaries. Conversely, the man who participated in the conspiracy to eliminate the criminal leadership of Nazi Germany must understand that his comrade at the front did not understand what was going on in the interior of the country. We must take this view and act accordingly. Otherwise we should have a split running right through the Bundeswehr. And that would lead to continual reproaches and set up moral categories that are objec-

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tively justified but subjectively unjustified."

National tradition is the ritual expression of the idea that gives a nation its identity. The *raison d'être* of an army, like that of a nation, is inextricably bound up with its traditions. This is the underlying reason for Strauss's much-criticized assertiveness, for his insistence on atomic arms and an equal voice in NATO councils. Both are the hallmarks of Germany's acceptance by the NATO community. This gives the Germans the sense of belonging that they need to compensate for the recent loss of a national identity that had been theirs for nearly a century, and to offset the multitude of postwar taboos. Not long ago a group of young officers of the Bundeswehr described this need as the desire to fight, if it became necessary to fight, "for a bigger flag." They meant a united Europe with Germany as an integral part. It is one of the great paradoxes of our time that the basis for Germany's relationship with the West, specifically with the NATO countries, is mutual defense. Strauss seeks to derive national political maturity out of the necessity for interallied defense measures. For Strauss, NATO is Germany's salvation.

FACING STRAUSS privately, I was struck by his youthful appearance. He looked younger than his forty-five years and as thoroughly scrubbed as a schoolboy in the morning. There was a pronounced academic overtone to his manner. He was intensely alert, but he did not raise his voice once in the course of an hour-an-a-half interview.

The controversy over equipping the West German Army with atomic weapons reflects the epochal original Allied decision to rearm Germany. When the necessity for creating an unbroken line of atomic arms along the NATO front in Europe became evident some five years ago, it was Strauss who tried hard to avoid the arming of German units with atomic weapons. "Since the political difficulties involved were obvious," he explained to me, "we asked the Americans years ago whether—in order to avoid the problem of arming the Bundeswehr with these weapons systems, with carriers to be fitted with warheads in emergencies, and still maintain the same firepower along the entire front line—whether they were prepared to incorporate American artillery and rocket battalions into German divisions. Then Germans would not be equipped with atomic weapons. Then we would have a German division conforming to the NATO pattern, but the artillery and rocket units capable of firing atomic warheads would be American units as components of German divisions or corps."

This solution would have suited Strauss's purpose even better than the prestige resulting from atomic weapons entrusted to German hands. It would have meant the integration of German and American troops, a model for the integration of NATO troops as a whole, and a built-in guarantee of the American commitment in Europe. The Americans rejected the proposal because of budgetary and organizational considerations. Ironically enough, the Bundeswehr has more than once been reprimanded by NATO headquarters for being in arrears with the development of its atomic forces. I gathered, however, that in the field of conventional weaponry the Bundeswehr is doing rather well. Said Strauss: "We are resolved to achieve the strength in conventional weapons required of us by NATO." German progress in forming atomic units is complicated by the fact that some of the weapons systems decided upon by NATO in 1958 are already obsolete. In other cases, weapons systems are too complex technically for the Germans to manage. The Bundeswehr is plagued by a lack of technically qualified personnel. West Germany has only one short year of compulsory military service and German industry attracts qualified personnel that might otherwise volunteer or stay on for a hitch after the compulsory year is over.

A Cannon Is a Weapon

Strauss admitted that the term "nuclear weapons" had caused a great deal of confusion in both the German and the foreign press. "We understand this term," said Strauss, "to signify exclusively the means of delivery, whether we are referring to a gun, missile, or aircraft. After all, we are subject to the limitations or the renunciation imposed by the Brussels treaties." But the next moment he said: "To us a gun is a weapon. And the shell is the ammunition. No one will deny that a cannon is a weapon. No one contends that a cannon must be loaded in order to be called a weapon."

"But isn't that just the point?" I asked.

"Not for us. This is a widespread misunderstanding. We have a NATO formula by which the means of delivery are a responsibility of the Bundeswehr while atomic warheads are under American guard, in American custody, maintained, prepared, and checked by Americans."

"But will they remain so?"

"That," answered Strauss, "is a question of higher policy—whether America is prepared to increase the scope of co-ordination in this respect. But for us this was never a subject of discussion. The controversy in Germany did not revolve around the question of warheads for the Bundeswehr. That is a subsequent and deliberate falsification. The debate in Germany concerned the introduction of means of delivery in connection with American atomic warheads in American possession—nothing more."

In order to satisfy a national psychological need, Strauss is constrained to boast that the German Army possesses atomic weapons; in order to answer the criticism of the opposition, he is obliged to point out that the German Army does not possess atomic ammunition. The two assertions do not cancel out. Taken together they are meant to demonstrate German-American co-operation within NATO. But the assertion that the German Army has atomic weapons has drowned out the assertion that the weapons are not loaded.

What sort of reaction, I asked, did the defense minister expect from the Soviet Union in answer to effective atomic arming of the Bundeswehr—regardless of what form such armament might take?

Strauss almost snorted. "The Soviet reaction took place three years ago. One must not be taken in by the propaganda of the German opposition and act as if this problem will face us only in the future or as if we are being faced with it now for

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the first time and could decide it all over again. It's not true. We have already fulfilled fifty per cent of our requirement for atomic delivery. And we will fulfill the remaining fifty per cent in the course of the next two years." Suddenly he said in English, "That is a fantastic discussion—it's fighting with shadows."

Trouble at a Stop Light

The presence of a target symbol as all-encompassing and as clear as Strauss has serious disadvantages for all concerned. It was inevitable, for example, that the defamation campaign begun against Willy Brandt, the governing mayor of West Berlin and the Socialist candidate for Chancellor, should be laid at Strauss's door. Strauss was widely quoted as saying that people had a right to ask Brandt what he had been doing during his twelve years of exile in Scandinavia, allegedly adding, "We know what we did here." Brandt vehemently denounced Strauss's statement, only to discover that what Strauss had actually said was, "just as we have been asked what we were doing during those twelve years here." Brandt was quick to make his peace with Strauss.

Strauss is most often criticized for his rough-and-ready vocabulary. His very choice of words, particularly in exchanges with political opponents, is offensive to German ears. His approach to the essentially messy business of political infighting is similar to Truman's, as is his attitude toward oversensitive opponents: Strauss himself might have said, "If you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen."

In this regard there is an interesting comparison between Strauss and Adenauer. "Actually, you know," said a Bonn official who knows both men well, "the Old Man says the same things Strauss does and in much the same way. But the effect is nothing like the same. It's not just that Adenauer enjoys the protection usually accorded only to national monuments. Adenauer can say the most undignified things and never lose his dignity. The trouble with Strauss is that he sometimes loses his dignity."

As a domestic political personality Strauss has been guilty of certain sillinesses. He has written letters to opposition politicians warning them to discontinue attacking him on pain of counterattack. He is chronically embroiled in lawsuits of his own making; between October and December last year, he overdrew the amount budgeted by the defense ministry for litigation by more than two hundred per cent. To judge from the outcome of a series of libel suits in the last nine months, Strauss is the most maligned man in Germany. Technically, Strauss almost always wins the court actions he initiates, but he loses them politically. Strauss got his comeuppance in 1958 when his chauffeur accelerated past a traffic policeman who had not yet given the "go" signal. The policeman charged the chauffeur with a traffic violation. Strauss retaliated by writ-

ing letters to the Bonn police chief and the minister of the interior of the state of North Rhine-Westphalia, demanding an investigation of the incident and the disciplining of the traffic officer. He then lodged an official complaint through government channels. When the story of the complaint was leaked to the press, he charged breach of the Official Secrets Act. That was too much. The West German press descended on Strauss full force.

Strauss also was probably ill advised when he applied for an injunction, charging falsification, on more than one hundred counts, to restrain the West German news magazine *Der Spiegel* for reprinting its recent massive attack against him. The article, possibly the most hysterical in the history of postwar West German journalism, might have been written by a high-school student for an essay contest on the evils of atomic war. *Der Spiegel* planned to mail half a million copies of the article in translation to the United States and Great Britain. (By working its printers through the night, the magazine did manage to send off five thousand copies before the injunction, which was readily granted, went into effect.)

In a recent press conference, Walter Ulbricht, the East German Communist boss, singled out Strauss as the most divisive influence in Germany, describing him as "the arch-exponent of the closer association and ultimate integration of West Germany with the NATO countries." It is significant that this is also one of the main criticisms leveled at Strauss by the West German opposition. In May, 1957, in its first major attack on Strauss, *Der Spiegel* bemoaned "the perfectionistic and adulatory Germans . . . who are more Stalinist than Stalin in the German Democratic Republic and more fanatically NATO-minded than the Americans in the Federal Republic." Strauss is the most NATO-minded German alive.

A Sense of History

We discussed the common market. "If this problem of the European Economic Community versus the European Free Trade Association can be disposed of" said Strauss, "it will be a great step forward—also for NATO."

"Couldn't NATO be used to further this development?" I asked.

"I go a step further than that," Strauss answered. "As a politician I am fundamentally convinced, for historical, political, and technological reasons, that we need a common market of NATO countries—but that is the goal after next. I am convinced of the necessity of an Atlantic Confederation along the lines, for that matter, of Henry A. Kissinger's article in *The Reporter*—'Toward an Atlantic Confederation.' Kissinger emphasizes the need for a stronger mutual institutional connection in the field of atomic weapons. He maintains that the security of the smaller allies cannot be dependent on the favor of the larger members of the alliance. For this reason the question of security, as a paramount concern of the state, should be assigned to the top-level con-

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sultative body of the Atlantic Confederation."

For the West German opposition and pacifists at large, however, the two most disturbing things about Strauss are his sense of history and his idealism. I asked Strauss, who has been deeply concerned with the youth of the nation ever since he became chairman of the Parliamentary Youth Affairs Committee in 1950, what he thought German youth could do to counteract the general prejudice abroad against the German people. "There are three types of reparations to be made," said Strauss —"moral, material, and historical. Moral and material reparations must be made to the victims of the Third Reich, whether they were Jews, Socialists, or Catholics. Whenever I speak publicly I always give particular emphasis to historical reparation. This is not to be paid merely in books about the Third Reich or by collective shame. Not at all. Historical reparation consists in practicing in this and in coming generations a morally unassailable, honorable, and loyal policy for the reconstruction of Europe—to atone for what we contributed through a criminal policy to the destruction of Europe. That is historical reparation. What we are paying the Jews today doesn't count for much. And it won't bring the dead back to life. In thirty years there won't be much talk about it. But in thirty years we shall be asked, 'What have you Germans done to make good your debt to Europe? You opened the door to Bolshevism. You started the war that brought the Russians to the Elbe. What have you done to make good the crimes you committed against Europe?' That is what they will ask us."

FOR THE OPPOSITION, such a declaration is tantamount to an open avowal of irredentism. In its recent attack on Strauss, *Der Spiegel* commented: "God protect the world from such reparations!" The old nightmare has recurred with a horrific innovation. The Teutonic crusader has joined the nuclear Knights of the NATO Round Table, taken command, and is leading the lot of them Nevskyward across the ice.

As an American diplomat in Berlin recently put it: "The ominous thing is that for the first time since its emergence as a modern nation, Germany has massive territorial claims that are completely and absolutely justified. Not only that, but the three western allies support Germany in its claims to the so-called 'lost territories.' In this respect one could even say that not only Germany but the whole western alliance is German-nationalist and is morally if not legally obliged to remain so. This fact is dangerous in itself, since it inevitably gives the Germans a disproportionate influence on western policy in this question."

The implication is that if only Strauss could be gotten rid of, the problems with which he is so passionately concerned and which he has come to symbolize would disappear with him. It is easy to see why this is so. Strauss's main function both

as chief German representative in NATO and as a majority party politician at home is to be a scapegoat for Adenauer. *Der Alte* has more than once used Strauss as a battering ram to break down resistance, as in NATO resistance in the Spanish bases scandal, or as a whipping boy, as in the atomic armament controversy. In either case it is always Strauss's head. Most important, Strauss fronts for NATO in Germany. Despite its indecisive, hybrid nature, NATO is not unpopular in Germany—no longer even among the opposition. It is Strauss who is unpopular as a sort of overactive German proxy for NATO.

Even Strauss's bitterest enemies concede that he is highly intelligent. "There is only one man in Adenauer's cabinet," said a Social Democratic leader in Bonn a few days ago, "who understands the prime importance of economic sanctions rather than military action as an answer to a unilateral Soviet move on Berlin. That man, of all people, is the minister of defense." It was, in fact, on Strauss's initiative and in his home that discussions took place, shortly after the Kennedy-Khrushchev meeting in Vienna, with the Social Democratic opposition and General Lauris Norstad on the possibility of economic countermeasures against East Germany to the Soviet threat to Berlin. As a result at least a few Social Democratic leaders have had second, favorable thoughts about Strauss.

DESPITE the persistent prophecy that Strauss will one day be chancellor of Germany, his political future is desperately complicated. As Bavaria's favorite son, he has more regional power than any other cabinet minister. But Bavaria is more likely to prove a millstone around his neck than a springboard under his feet. Strauss's election to the chairmanship of Bavaria's Christian Socialist Union drew an ear-splitting shriek from the opposition. It also stiffened the resistance against Strauss in the CDU. Also, the beatings that Strauss has taken so enthusiastically are beginning to tell. "He could, you know," said one observer in Bonn, "gather in just one too many spears to his breast and kill himself politically."

Strauss's rumored succession of von Brentano as foreign minister would be too abrupt a change, and in any case, if only because of intra-party politics, his direct succession to the foreign ministry is virtually out of the question. Yet in his own political interest Strauss must leave the ministry of defense, and the sooner the better.

It is true that Strauss is more likely to become chancellor than foreign minister. But it would take an inner political upheaval or a national emergency to put him in a position to make the ascent in the foreseeable future. His chance may well come whenever the Soviets provoke a really definitive showdown over Berlin. Otherwise the New German will have to mark time as best he can waiting for the full emergence of the New Germany.

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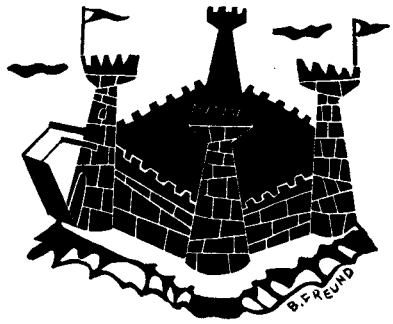
Revivalism On the Far Right

PHILIP HORTON

A TEXAS insurance man named William P. Strube, Jr., who is on the faculty of the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade, stood before a blackboard. "Here's a Communist," he said as he tapped a piece of chalk on the clean board; "there's one—here's one—there's one. Get him! Sick him! Sock him! Rock him! Have I attacked anyone? Besmeeched their character or anyone else?" Strube, who is second in command to Dr. Fred C. Schwarz, leader of the Crusade, takes obvious pride in the fact that he names no names and so cannot be accused of libel or defamation. It is not clear, however, whether this particular virtue is due to scrupulosity on Strube's part or to a feeling that it is useless to bother besmeeching mere individuals by name, since there are Communists everywhere you look these days anyway.

And it's not only the Communists you have to sock and rock but also those who follow the Communist line, which Strube has defined as "anything, be it word, action, or deed, or lack of same, whether written, spoken or performed by Communist, non-Communist, or an anti-Communist that aids the Communist in his program of world conquest." With so many people to fight and so many actions or lack of them to halt, it is no wonder that Strube and his fellow evangelists are busy recruiting zealous believers up and down the land.

The Christian Anti-Communism Crusade is not alone in this battle; aside from the John Birch Society, there are also the National Education Program, the Christian Crusade, and many lesser outfits. Although the various traveling "schools," and "seminars" of the new anti-Communist movement on the far Right are not formally connected with the John Birch Society, their preachers, prophets, and "doctors" of uncertain academic background often function as advance men for the establishment of a Birch group in a given community. "You know," Fred Schwarz said recently of Robert Welch, "I sometimes get the notion he follows me around the country signing up people after I have worked them up." Welch is not unappreciative. "The Fred Schwarz schools," he declared last spring, "have already done a superb job of providing this preliminary education."



WHAT SORT of education is being provided by these ever multiplying and highly successful itinerant schools? The Christian Crusade, the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade, and the National Education Program, which is run by Dr. George Benson, president of Harding College in Searcy, Arkansas, are all in agreement with the general beliefs of Welch that liberalism equals socialism, that socialism equals Communism, and that our greatest danger is from infiltration and treason at home. The essence of their message is that the Communists, having promised to dominate the world, already are far along the road to conquering the United States because of their success in taking over our schools, universities, community institutions, youth organizations, and government itself. The complete Communist victory in the United States is imminent: Dr. Schwarz says 1973 and Strube says 1966. Indeed, *Communism on the Map,* a recorded lecture illustrated by film, made and distributed by the National Education Program and already attended by ten million Americans, presents a picture of the United States surrounded by a hostile world and ready to fall. It explains that countries like France, Sweden, and Norway are for all practical purposes in the Communist camp right now. For those who may not understand the relationship between socialism and Communism, the narrator points out that U.S.S.R. stands for Union of Soviet *Socialist* Republics. The Communist tide sweeps across the map, and the only countries that do not turn visibly red in the course of the talk are Spain, Switzerland, and the United States, which is left with an ominous question mark at the end.

Despite the direness of the international situation as these groups see it, and despite the stress they put on their own roles as "scientists" and "authorities" in the field of international Communism, the crusaders suggest few measures to deal with Communism as an international problem, except such diplomatic moves as getting the Soviet Union out of the U.N. and the U.N. out of the U.S.A. Some of them even assert that our military program is a fraud. For since the main threat comes from within, our own military defenses are, in Welch's words, "wasteful measures of a phony defense against an external enemy." These single-minded anti-Communists have, to be sure, contributed some astonishing insights concerning the Soviet conspiracy. Dr. Schwarz, for example, has pointed out that his special understanding of the Communist mind and of Communist history makes it clear to him that any number of executed officials—Beria and the Czechoslovakian Jewish leaders—ordered their own deaths to

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help promote world Communism.

But of course Dr. Schwarz's principal interest is not in what happens abroad but in fighting world Communism at home. The *Christian Century,* which sent a representative to one of the Crusade's seminars in Glenview, Illinois, reported that the "enemies" slain by Dr. Schwarz and his fellow lecturers included "liberals, modernists, John Dewey, Kirtley Mather, Harvard students, high school students, the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, textbooks, the American Friends Service Committee, pacifists, the book sections of the New York *Times* and the *Herald Tribune,* Elmer Davis, public libraries . . . , beatniks, the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, and naïve ministers."

Birch Bark and Snake Root

To help reverse the trend toward Communism in the United States, Dr. Schwarz and his colleagues have adopted techniques reminiscent of evangelists and patent-medicine salesmen, rousing their audiences to an awareness first of the horrors of "satanic Communism" and finally showing the way to salvation. "Christians! to arms." cries Dr. Schwarz. "The enemy is at the gate. Buckle on the armor of the Christian and forth to the battle." There is, of course, a good deal of imaginary gunplay. Schwarz has described how we shall ultimately be shot by the Communists ("When they come for you, as they have for many others, and on a dark night, in a dank cellar, they take a wide bore revolver with a soft nose bullet, and they place it at the nape of your neck," and so on), and Welch has issued a stern directive to his members to fight any legislation requiring the registration of firearms, since "no dictator-tyrant can long rule a people previously accustomed to freedom where private firearms are plentiful among its citizenry."

Despite Welch's interest in firearms, most crusaders seem interested only in getting copies of their own books and films into the hands of their audiences. At about the same moment that any competent revivalist stops his hellfire and invites his flock to make the decision for Christ, Strube stops describing the Communist devil to ask his listeners if they have heard enough. Do they want to do something about it? What can they do? "Study, study, study," Strube tells them, and, handily enough, he can offer Dr. Schwarz's books at the modest price of $2.50 for a set of four.

This combining of the techniques of evangelism with those of plain pitchmen is also typical of Dr. Billy

James Hargis, whose writings inspired references to the politics of the Protestant clergy in a controversial Air Force manual that was withdrawn from use last year, and who is the leader of the Christian Crusade ("America's largest anti-communist organization"). Dr. Hargis has lately arranged a tie-in between anti-Communism and a restorative product called "Nutri-Bio" which his crusaders may sell along with their message. As one disciple explains it, "The practice of good health habits is of great importance in the fight against Communism."

Naturally, the fight against Communism requires more of its soldiers than good health. Mobilization and organization of a community or part of a community—Houston boasts a "Teens Against Communism" program—with a view to influencing local institutions appears to be the chief aim not only of the John Birch Society but of the other anti-Communist concerns. Their literature abounds in manuals on how to go about organizing a local group. Perhaps past experience has led the Schwarz Crusade to advise in one such manual that members with an "obsession about a particular phase" not be allowed to gain control of the group. The particular "obsession" to be avoided was that of individuals who "believe Communism to be a long-time secret conspiracy of some group of men, religious sect, or race, that have been over thousands of years trying to conquer the world."

While the success the Birch Society has enjoyed in setting up clandestine student groups to act as political vigilantes in the universities is fairly well known and the results of its prodigious letter-writing campaigns have received national attention, the less publicized efforts of the Schwarz group have been equally impressive. Last year the Texas office of the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade offered 314 lectures to sixteen thousand students and forty-six thousand adults. Together with other "faculty" members, Vice-President Strube also lectured in many other states. "On the average," he says, "I am speaking three hundred days a year." According to Dr. Schwarz, the Crusade program has been taught in a thousand American high schools. One instruction manual calls for "ten thousand groups of 17 each" and claims that already "over 1,000 groups organized in accordance with this manual in the past two years." Available figures tend to bear out Dr. Schwarz's claims. In 1957, the gross receipts of the Crusade, a tax-free organization, were $63,000. In 1958 they were $115,000. By last year they were $380,000, and Dr. Schwarz predicted recently that he would take in more than $1,000,000 in 1961.

The Schwarz Crusade has its headquarters in Long Beach, California, and maintains permanent offices in Houston, San Francisco, Philadelphia, and Sydney, Australia. These are the command posts that control the flood of literature and the management of the traveling "schools" that are provided for any community or business group or governmental agency willing to underwrite the cost. They also offer complete instructions for organizing permanent community groups to search out and counter Communism in their neighborhoods.

Dr. Schwarz's "faculty" varies with

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the size and importance of the community. A major stand will feature the top man himself, supported by other "authorities" on Communism, including an orthopedic surgeon, several former FBI agents, former Communists, a former police chief, and an insurance man. In one major "school" Dr. Schwarz delivered eight lectures. ("Why Millionaires, Ministers of Religion, and College Professors Become Communists" and "How to Debate with Communists and Fellow Travelers" are typical titles.) In addition to his activities with the touring schools, Dr. Schwarz has lectured to the staff of the House Un-American Activities Committee, in the Texas legislature, and at the National War College, as well as on many naval and army bases. Dr. Schwarz, who received his doctorate from Queensland Medical School, is generally billed in his native Australia as one of the foremost experts on Communism in the United States. When he is in the United States, he is frequently referred to as one of the foremost experts on Communism in Australia.

You Can't Laugh It Off

Any tendency to dismiss the labors of Drs. Schwarz, Benson, and Hargis and Mr. Welch as idle rantings on the lunatic fringe will not survive a realistic appraisal of two factors: their growing influence in the schools and their prestige among certain elements of the armed forces. Dr. Benson's workshop, for example, issues a set of moving pictures for use in junior and senior high schools. In a number of them the narrator is Dr. Clifton L. Ganus, vice-president of Harding College, which is in many ways the intellectual center of all the new right-wing movements. In "A Look at Communism," for grade 12, Dr. Ganus is shown speaking from the National Education Program's headquarters at Harding College as he tells the students that "many thousands of Communists" are in high places in the United States and are influencing the actions of "patriotic Americans." In another film recommended for Grades 8 through 11, Professor Ganus reports that a fifth column is working among Americans to undermine confidence in private ownership.

These materials often get into the schools when a "crusade" strikes a community. In San Diego, for example, a major Schwarz "seminar" (five days) was followed in short order by a "Freedom Forum" under Dr. Benson's leadership and a presentation by Dr. Hargis. The San Diego, La Mesa-Spring Valley, and Chula Vista Elementary School Districts, it was learned, used public funds to have school administrators attend the "seminars," and the National Education Program materials purchased by the San Diego Unified School District for $4,245.61 have now become a regular part of the public-school educational materials there.

Similar inroads have been made in other school districts across the country, especially in the South and West. In Dallas the superintendent of schools, W. T. White, said that a recent Freedom Forum led by Dr. Benson had helped to "jell" a project that he announced in early December: the Dallas Independent School District would teach a course on "Ways to Fight Communism," using books by J. Edgar Hoover and assorted materials from the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade. Elsewhere in Texas a group of local businessmen banded together to provide a free lecture series for teachers on their

brand of "Americanism" and later offered $10,000 to school systems that would teach "Americanism" with materials they supplied. Many Texas schools now use such funds and privately subsidized materials. In Illinois the superintendent of Glenbrook High School has said that he ordered "half a dozen scholarships" to make it possible for students to attend a Schwarz "seminar" held at the Glenview Naval Air Station.

ALTHOUGH many of the crusaders regularly attack the usefulness of the national defense program, some of their most ardent support appears to come from high-ranking officers. A number of them regularly attend sessions at Harding College and Drs. Schwarz and Benson frequently lecture at military bases. From these training centers, both military and civilian personnel have then been sent into nearby communities to organize local campaigns.

The evidence suggests that the involvement of the military is not a casual one.

Item: In Corpus Christi, Texas, a community "alert" was led by Rear Admiral Louis J. Kirn, chief of Naval Air Advanced Training at Corpus Christi. The main speaker at "Citizens Alert Day in Corpus Christi"—as proclaimed by the mayor of the city—was William Strube, vice-president of the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade.

Item: Dr. Schwarz, whose book *You Can Trust the Communists* bears an enthusiastic endorsement by Marshall S. Roth, Major General U.S.A.F., held a Crusade "seminar" at the Eighth Naval District headquarters in New Orleans, where the commandant of the district at that time, Rear Admiral W. G. Schindler, said, "I am delighted to lend my support to this noteworthy seminar."

Item: When Dr. Schwarz held a similar "forum" in Houston, Admiral Schindler's successor, Rear Admiral F. B. Warders, gave the keynote address.

Item: On April 14 and 15 at a "Strategy for Survival Conference" held at Fort Smith, Arkansas, Dr. Ganus of Harding College told an audience of about one thousand, "Your [Congressional] representative in this area has voted eighty-nine per cent of the time to aid and abet the Communist Party." Among those who helped to set up the conference was Major General William C. Bullock, head of the XIX Army Reserve Corps area, covering Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Louisiana.

Item: On April 15 the Chamber of

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Commerce of Greater Pittsburgh, with the aid of some of the largest industrial firms in Pennsylvania, sponsored a seminar on "Fourth Dimensional Warfare" which sharply attacked important government policies and urged community action to

"identify public officials displaying 'softness' toward Communism." The conference staff acknowledged "the assistance and support" of Lieutenant General Ridgely Gaither, Commanding General, Second United States Army, and his staff; and of Major General Ralph C. Cooper, Commanding General, XXI United States Army Corps, and his staff.

Bringing the News to Glenview

The manner in which these connections with the military can apparently grant a semi-official status to Dr. Schwarz and his forces was illustrated last year in Glenview, Illinois. Last August, leading citizens of Glenview received large envelopes bearing the official U.S. Navy return address and mailed under the franking privilege. Inside were invitations to participate in one of Dr. Schwarz's five-day seminars, to be held in an auditorium on the Glenview Naval Air Station. Navy personnel and their families also received notice of the seminar. "Attendance is not compulsory," it read, "but every man, woman, and student who volunteers participation will acquire the experience, poise, and know-how which we hope will germinate into discussion groups being organized in every community of the midwest."

As a result of complaints lodged by some of the citizens of Glenview, the American Civil Liberties Union drew up a bill of particulars and sent it along with a letter of protest to the then Secretary of the Navy, W. B. Franke. It was not proper, argued A.C.L.U., "for the commanding officer of the base to conduct such a school, for another naval officer to direct it, or for the Navy to attempt to influence public opinion of the general civilian public on moral, spiritual, educational and political issues." In his reply the Secretary conceded that officers of the naval air station "went somewhat further than may have been appropriate" and reported that he had ordered the Glenview Air Station to cease extending official sponsorship of such activities. The Secretary added, "I am sure that you do not consider that information regarding the dangers of the international Communist conspiracy is 'political propaganda' which should not be given to the American people." Two months later, despite the ban, another appearance by Dr. Schwarz at the naval-base auditorium was announced, and the commanding officer, Captain I. M. Hampton, has continued to be a featured speaker for rightist groups.

NAVAL AIR STATIONS on the West Coast have been involved in similar activities. In Seattle, Captain Kenneth J. Sanger, commanding officer of the Sands Point Naval Air Station, using such familiar exhibits as *Operation Abolition* and *Communism on the Map,* launched a one-man crusade in local schools, churches, and civic organizations that soon created deep divisions in the community. During the ensuing controversy Captain Sanger received a public letter of commendation and support from Vice Admiral Robert Goldthwaite, Chief of Naval Air Training at Pensacola, Florida, who was himself engaged in helping to organize similar indoctrination courses for civilians in Florida and elsewhere in the Southeast.

The Pensacola effort, called "Project Alert," is a good example of how the combined activities of anti-Communist zealots and the military often succeed in creating a quasi-permanent community agency. According to its own publicity releases, Project Alert, was initiated late in 1959 "with the help of the staff of the Chief of Naval Aviation Training . . . and with the aid of Glenn A. Green and the staff at Harding College's National Education Program." (Mr. Green is vice-president of the N.E.P. and an enthusiastic member of the John Birch Society.) A series of indoctrination programs were created as the first step of a powerful campaign to bring the message into every corner of the city. In the months that followed, thousands of Pensacolans attended project rallies, listened to Project Alert radio and TV broadcasts, read Project Alert literature. A Project Alert library was created of films, tape recordings, books, and pamphlets.

Once the program was firmly established, the school officials and the P.T.A. county president were named to the Project Alert executive committee, which in due course was able to announce: "As evaluated by the school principals' committee, Project Alert materials were judged suitable for students as far down as the fifth grade."

By May of this year, Project Alert had achieved one of its major goals. The Florida legislature, with only one dissenting vote, passed a bill requiring all high schools in the state to teach a course on the evils of Communism. The originator of the bill, Representative George Stallings, Jr., said he would recommend as the basic textbook for the course *The Naked Communist,* by W. Cleo Skousen, former chief of police in Salt Lake City and a prominent member of Dr. Fred Schwarz's traveling "faculty."

The eagerness of certain military figures to participate in the

proliferating crusades of the anti-Communist revivalists may in some measure be explained as dutiful obedience to orders. In the summer of 1958 the National Security Council produced a policy paper calling for the mobilization of all government

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resources and of public opinion at large to oppose Communism. The original paper and most of the follow-up orders from the Defense Department to the armed services calling for implementation of the policy are still classified and will probably remain so, but it is apparent that the new civilian leadership of the Pentagon is taking steps to avoid any possible misunderstandings in the future. An order has gone out forbidding the presentation of *Communism on the Map* and permitting the display of *Operation Abolition* only on request.

The Defense Department will soon release its own film on Communism after a review by historians and State Department officials. Other films produced by the Defense Department will stress the strength and importance of democratic institutions. On May 26, Secretary McNamara took a further step in modifying the earlier policy; at a press conference on problems of public information he stated: "In public discussions all officials of the Department should confine themselves to defense matters. They should particularly avoid discussions of foreign-policy matters, a field which is reserved for the President and the Department of State. This long established principle recognizes the danger that when Defense officials express opinions on foreign policy, their words can be taken as the policy of the government." Presumably this goes not only for Assistant Secretaries but also for generals and admirals.

The Unbrainwashers

The notion that there is some foolproof "science" for combatting Communism is not confined to military technicians. It seems to have spread among members of Congress too, many of whom would have little use for the quack "science" practiced in the laboratory of the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade.

In February of 1960 and again in 1961, a United States Senate Bill was proposed "to create the Freedom Commission and the Freedom Academy to research and develop an integrated, operational science to win the nonmilitary part of the global struggle between freedom and communism and to train Governmental personnel, private citizens, and foreign students in this science." No one seems quite sure what this "science" may turn out to be, but the bill's sponsors—Senators Mundt, Douglas, Case (New Jersey), Dodd, Smathers, Goldwater, Proxmire, Fong, Butler, Hickenlooper, Miller, and Keating—all seem to agree that it is necessary for our survival: "We must develop a science of counteraction, which enables us to plan rather than to improvise—and we have no such science. We must have trained political warfare cadres—and we have no such cadres now."

In addition to running the new institution of higher learning, the Freedom Commission would conduct research and publish textbooks and other materials, including training films, suitable for high school, college and community level instruction. Senator Dodd, in a speech supporting the bill, said that he "would like to see our colleges and universities send one or more members of their faculty to the Freedom Academy for at least a year, so that on their return they could organize similar courses at the undergraduate and graduate levels. . . . I would like to see history teachers and social science teachers attend two-month summer courses sponsored by the Freedom Academy."

In other words, in addition to training those who must bear the heavy responsibility of fighting Communism where it actually threatens us, the Freedom Academy would provide a massive inoculation against Communism among Americans. To some this emphasis may seem somewhat out of balance, especially considering how uncommon the disease is here at home. Does Senator Dodd mean that in our schools and our communities the job of guarding against the dangers of Communist—and fascist—infiltration should be taken over and monopolized by graduates of the Freedom Academy? Are we being asked to assume that men and women who do not care to join the Freedom Academy's "political warfare cadres" care less about our freedoms than those who have shown enthusiasm for such a project?

Some of the sponsors of the Freedom Academy bill have made it emphatically clear that threats to our liberties can come from the Right as well as the Left. Before the bill comes to a vote these senators—in fact, all of their colleagues—may conclude that the whole project deserves some very careful second thoughts.

'The Biggest Business in Town'

BARBARA CARTER

There are about 167,000 people serving on school boards in this country, and if the three thousand or so of them who recently met in Philadelphia to attend the annual convention of the National School Boards Association are anything like a typical cross-section, they may be divided into two general classifications—the conservative and the very conservative. Some sixty per cent of them are drawn from the business world or from the professional and technical services. The remainder are farmers, housewives (only ten per cent are women), clerks, and a few skilled or unskilled workers, represented in that order. The board of directors for the convention included a sales engineer, a feed and grain merchant, a banker, a nurse, two former teachers, a contractor, a trucker, a farmer, and a rural mail carrier. The general impression is of hard-working, dedicated people who are quite willing to spend three nights a week, if necessary, coping with the business and problems of education. All serve without pay.

Most school-board members (nearly eighty-six per cent) are elected; the rest, particularly in the larger cities, appointed. About half of them are college graduates and most boards have at least one or two people with college degrees; one-fourth of the boards, however, also include members who have not graduated from high school. The average term is four to six years.

Up to now, the National School Boards Association, a relatively new

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outfit, has acted merely as a service organization. The chief discussion at the convention was whether it would take a stand on national issues, and if so, whether it would support Federal aid.

DURING a workshop session I sat next to Mr. Fred Thieman from Modesto, California, who in addition to his school-board work is a county secretary of the National Farm Bureau. He was against Federal aid. "Our people are willing to pay," he said. "California has bled itself dry trying to do this thing . . . Other states are shirking their duty. Besides, we won't get much aid anyway under the new Kennedy bill."

Mr. Thieman's remark about "not getting much aid" was puzzling. Though Californians are indeed willing to pay a lot for educating their children, they also receive far and away the most money from the Federal till for elementary and secondary schools. Last year it amounted to $56 million (though admittedly, this was only 3.3 per cent of their total school revenue), and the state receiving the next highest amount, Texas, didn't even come within hailing distance. True, under the equalization formula proposed in the new administration bill, California would get little more than the minimum per pupil. But it would again be getting far and away the most money—$193 million over the next three years, or thirty-six per cent more than the next highest state, Texas again, with $142 million.

When I asked him what was the biggest problem his school board faced, Mr. Thieman promptly replied, "Classroom shortage." He said that his district had gotten off the double-shift session, but that thirty or forty Quonset huts were in use as classrooms. His board had thought that three new grammar schools would provide for the increasing population, but now it looked as if they might need eight. "Over the last twelve years," he said, "we've had five bond issues. We're the biggest business in town," he added quietly.

During the general debate J. D. Waggoner, Jr., of Louisiana noted that "the Federal government is $300 billion in debt," and then announced: "There is no one here who is not worth more than the Federal government." This remarkable concept was disputed by a Mr. Morris of New Hampshire, who rose to say that, unlike Louisiana, "The only deposits washed up on New Hampshire's shores are clams—not oil." Mr. Morris voted in support of Federal aid, as did Wesley S. Williams, a Negro lawyer from Washington, D.C. Mr. Williams protested that many of the 169,000 children in his district had migrated there from distressed areas, and that he would support Federal aid if for no other reason than that it might help reduce the amount of money his board had to spend on remedial-reading programs.

The final vote, however, was emphatically against supporting the principle of Federal aid. Moreover, the association went on record as being "opposed to further extension of Federal aid until the school boards

of America express the need for such funds." It was left that the association's board of directors would poll the entire membership to see how each one stood on Federal aid; when this inconclusive information was gathered, they would proceed from there.

Louisiana Perches

The issue of segregation was always just beneath the surface at the convention. It finally erupted over the curious problem of whether one of the association's directors, Matthew Sutherland, up for re-election, was or was not a school-board member. The nominating committee, in presenting its slate of new officers, had omitted his name.

Mr. Sutherland is a member of the Orleans Parish (New Orleans) school board, and until January of this year had been president of the Louisiana School Board Association. Though his board had fought the Supreme Court decision on segregation for six years, last November 14 it chose to comply rather than let its schools be closed. The Louisiana legislature promptly fired the five-member board, and the state association, at its January convention, also threw them out. The Orleans Parish board is recognized only by the United States Supreme Court.

When the nominating committee's slate was announced, Sutherland received immediate and rather surprising support from several Southern delegates. His name was offered from the floor by a Virginian who praised the Orleans board for its "tremendous courage." The nomination was seconded by a Tennessean, and the gentleman from Alabama whom the nominating committee had suggested in place of Sutherland promptly rose to state that if Sutherland was eligible, he would "under no conditions be a candidate against him." He also characterized the Orleans Parish board as "heroic and courageous."

The convention never did resolve the problem of Sutherland's eligibility, but it eventually voted to recommend his temporary appointment. The vote, however, was unexpectedly close, despite the almost unanimous support he seemed to get from the floor—only Mr. Waggoner of Louisiana had voiced any heated objections.

After the vote, Mrs. Alfred E. Allen of Connecticut offered a resolution commending the Orleans Parish board, pleading that "The principle of public-school education is on trial and it is of utmost importance that this national assembly go on record in support of public-school education for all." But when the gentleman from Alabama stigmatized the resolution as "superfluous and unwarranted," Mrs. Allen immediately withdrew it.

My Country, Right or Righter

Hemmed in by state laws and subject to countless local pressures, school boards often seem to act merely as rubber stamps for the professional superintendent on matters of policy. As one critic put it, "The only power they have is the power to hold things back."

Yet many school boards, supported by an effective citizens' committee and allied with a qualified superin-

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tendent, have aroused public opinion and reformed state laws to permit them more freedom of action. For this reason, I like to think that I was the only person at the convention who read the 132-page manual given to me by James T. Mayne, president of the Arizona School Board Association, entitled "Planned Patriotism."

It was an outline of a program to be followed from kindergarten through the eighth grade, and it had been approved by the Arizona State Board of Education. The idea is to "help our elementary pupils to achieve a national faith that is patriotically pure." In the first grade, the children are to paint a large flag and sing "Yankee Doodle Dandy." By the seventh grade, the aim is "to instill the concept that Americans, as a whole, do not suffer from want," and "to teach the dangers inherent in buying too many products from foreign markets." By the eighth grade, the goal in history is "to leave a lasting impression with the . . . pupils that historical facts prove the superiority of the American way of life," and in economics "to point out that people have a right to own property, to stress the importance of free enterprise, and to teach young people the difference between a need and a want."

Unable to go on record in favor of either Federal aid or the Supreme Court's decision on segregation, the convention was united only on what were for the delegates noncontroversial matters. They unanimously agreed, for instance, to oppose any laws permitting teachers to bargain collectively. And they were about to vote for the principle of the separation of church and state when they suddenly discovered that the same sentiment had been on the books for some time.

THE ASSOCIATION did at least decide, for the first time in its history, to become an action group and to lobby for whatever policies could be adopted by its delegate assembly. Just one year ago it was strongly opposed to taking any stand at all. The delegates' reluctant vote to take a position on national issues was described by one observer as merely a decision to face the inevitable, since their past reluctance to take stands has become a position in itself. There are already special-interest groups such as teachers' and superintendents' associations that exert influence at the national level, and school-board members are becoming aware that programs affecting policies which are very much their concern (as well as the nation's)—teacher certification, curriculum, school consolidation, minimum standards, guidance counseling—may be simply handed down to them without consultation. The school-lunch program is a good case in point. Though it is unlikely that the association will suddenly display any epoch-making initiative in the role it has successfully avoided until now, it was apparent at the Philadelphia convention that it is making the first reluctant stirrings in that direction.

The West's Forgotten Alliance

GORDON BROOK-SHEPHERD

ANKARA

CENTO is not just a set of initials standing for Central Treaty Organization—the West's forgotten pact between Britain, Turkey, Iran, and Pakistan, in which the United States participates somewhat informally but nonetheless powerfully. It happens also to be a real word, one of whose meanings is "any work, as a map, composed of incongruous parts or resembling patchwork."

It was to make the treaty initials look less like the dictionary definition that CENTO's five foreign ministers, aided by generals, diplomats, and economists from all the member countries, held a crucial meeting at Ankara, the Turkish capital, this spring. For the patchwork was coming apart at the very middle, in Iran. The dual problem before the Ninth Ministerial Council session was to save CENTO by strengthening Iran and to save Iran by strengthening CENTO.

In their emergency efforts, Secretary Dean Rusk and his British counterpart Lord Home were not helped by the organization's history to date. CENTO has always been the Cinderella of the three western defense groupings (the others are NATO to the northwest and SEATO to the southeast) created since the Second World War to contain Communism. It is, of course, the old Baghdad Pact in a weakened form and following changed objectives.

A Shadow with Four Stars

The Baghdad Pact, whose first signatories, in 1955, were Turkey and Iraq, was aimed to offset Nasser's growing attraction for the Arab states, to draw them off one by one into this new western-dominated alliance and thus save Middle East oil from both Cairo and Moscow.

Abdel Karim Kassem's 1958 revolt changed all that. Within a year he had pulled his country out of the pact to follow the fashionable and profitable policy of "positive neutralism." Despite all its brave words and glossy brochures, CENTO is still suffering from this loss.

So, this spring, CENTO's Ministerial

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Council found itself meeting to conquer a crisis of confidence caused mainly by Iran's looming domestic troubles, though other frictions and disillusionments also played a role. The clamor for reform, which had begun well ahead of the meeting, fell under two main heads.

First, from all three Moslem members, came the familiar plea for more United States money. The Iranian foreign minister, Hossein Ghods Nakhai, was less restrained than his colleagues. On the very first day of the conference, he told the delegates that what CENTO had accomplished in the way of economic aid to Iran was "a mere drop in the stream of our needs and difficulties."

Mr. Rusk, sitting a few feet away on the varnished oak rostrum of the Turkish National Assembly hall, which had been made available for the occasion, maintained a stony silence. Well he might. As one American delegate pointed out in private: "Mr. Nakhai's 'mere drop' represents more than a quarter of all the dollar aid we have given Formosa. Moreover, this flow of dollars has come on top of Iran's $300-million-a-year foreign currency earnings from oil."

The second and more reasonable demand from the regional members was for a military strengthening of CENTO. It is true that on March 5, 1959, the United States signed bilateral defense pacts with the three remaining Moslem members—Iran, Pakistan, and Turkey. These pacts pledged the United States to take "appropriate action, including the use of armed forces," to help any of these countries resist aggression. These bilateral pacts have provided whatever effective strength CENTO possesses, and up to now the United States, with full British support, has resisted all pressure to provide any more.

Yet in the past twelve months this pressure has increased steadily. Turkey, anchored in NATO, has taken little or no part in the agitation. The leaders were Pakistan, which was finding little real comfort in its SEATO links, and Iran, whose only regional defense anchor is the CENTO treaty.

Mr. Rusk did not empty out a single extra dollar onto the table in Ankara. But, despite political misgivings about gratuitously provoking the Soviet Union, he did yield to a surprising extent on the military front.

The maximum Iranian-Pakistani aim had been to bring the United States into CENTO as a full member. Failing that, they wanted an integrated command structure under U.S. command with a CENTO standing army which would replace the present system of a joint military planning staff indulging in occasional war games.

This ambitious plan has still not been realized. But the United States and Britain have now taken a big step forward by agreeing to the appointment of a permanent military staff commander for CENTO. He will almost certainly be an American four-star general and will take up his office, in effect if not in name, as the commander in chief for any future operation. The Iranians and Pakistanis are now hoping that once this "shadow C-in-C" has been installed, a standing army cannot be far behind. M. O. A. Baig of Pakistan, CENTO's retiring secretary-general, commented that the new staff commander would have to be "well versed in the technicalities of modern nuclear warfare." This led some observers to suppose that CENTO's first extra "teeth" might take the form of more Jupiter missile-launching sites on the Turkish Black Sea coast.

Fruit Ready to Fall?

Yet if CENTO's troubled military experts went home from Ankara feeling fairly satisfied, the diplomats departed less easy in their minds. The burden of their worry was Iran, which has the unhappy distinction of being both the most vital regional member of CENTO and the most vulnerable. For all the polite speeches at Ankara, there were no illusions about Iran's domestic problems, which are rapidly getting beyond salvation. The significant struggle now on the steps of the Peacock Throne is simply not a military one. The issues are economic and above all social, and Khrushchev is engaged in fomenting them with his own favorite weapons of propaganda and subversion.

In Ankara, as elsewhere in the Middle East, nearly everything goes in proverbs and metaphors. The plight of Iran was described to me in these terms by a senior Turkish official: "We have growing next door to us an ancient and neglected tree with some overripe fruit. The power in the north will not need to uproot it by force. If the same steady wind is continued and a few more shrewd tugs are made at the boughs, the fruit will fall into the basket easily enough."

The peril as such is not new to CENTO. Alongside its Military and Economic Committees, there are two others that operate almost completely in secret and whose existence is barely known to the outside world. The first is the Countersubversion Committee, whose function is "to advise how the threat of subversion to the member countries in the region can best be counteracted." The second is the so-called Liaison Committee, whose task is "to exchange information between members on questions relating to the security of the region."

If Iran and CENTO are to be saved, it will be primarily through the quiet and unobtrusive work of these two bodies. And in regard to the present and to all foreseeable moments of crisis in Teheran, these two secret networks will count for more than all the speeches of CENTO's foreign ministers, perhaps even more than all the conventional staff planning of its military experts.

The prize at stake is obvious. If the Soviet Union can establish an ideological bridgehead in Teheran, it would cut CENTO in two, leaving two halves that will never reunite. It would also realize the old Czarist dream of winning an outlet on the Persian Gulf and the newer Marxist dream of dominating the Arab world. The repercussions would reverberate throughout the Afro-Asian community of peoples.

WHAT ARE Khrushchev's weapons in this struggle, and how effective are the West's counterweapons? The most persistent and massive subversive technique used by the Russians is their inflammatory radio propaganda; and this particular menace is none the less dangerous for being the only open method which Moscow employs. Its main instrument is the "National Voice of Iran," which operates from

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across Iran's northern frontier a few miles inside Soviet Azerbaijan.

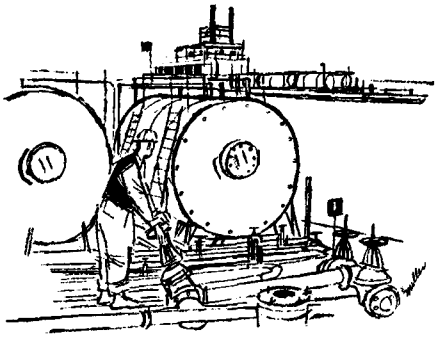
The Voice was first heard in April, 1959, almost exactly one month after the signing of the U.S.-Iranian defense pact. It would be difficult to find a more striking example of the contrasting methods used by East and West in this Iranian tussle: America threatens with military force and Russia replies with poisoned words.

Every evening for the past two years, the National Voice has been on the air for a seventy-five-minute program over a powerful transmitter which can drown even Radio Teheran and thump its way right down to the south. It is backed up by other Soviet broadcasts in Persian or Pushtu (which most Iranians understand) coming from Erivan in Armenia, Tiflis in Georgia, Tashkent, and of course from Radio Moscow itself. These broadcasts from near and far all converge on Iran with the same cry: opposition to the country's existing feudal order and the breaking of all "colonialist" ties with the West. In times of crisis, such as that sparked by the Iranian teachers' strike this spring, the voices of the Kremlin pronounce outright incitements to revolt.

For the past few weeks, for example, the Soviet radio network has been making daily attempts to guide Iranian unrest with its invisible propaganda beams. It began simply by backing the rights of the striking teachers and urging them to parade in the streets. But a day or two later, when the explosive prospects of the situation has been gauged in Moscow, it started calling on the Iranian people to turn this salary dispute into a nation-wide struggle to overthrow the régime and expel the Shah.

The Communist-sponsored radio voices only redoubled their yelps of hatred when Iran's new "liberal" premier, Ali Amini, started his spectacular purge of corrupt officials and tried to launch serious land-reform projects as part of an Iranian New Deal. As early as May 7, Amini was denounced by the Voice as "just another puppet of the Shah's." The radio, which of course purports to originate inside Iran, called for "a more representative government at least similar to that of Mossadegh" (the demagogue with strong leftist sympathies who nationalized the oil industry for a brief time while he was premier in the early 1950's). "Do not be afraid of the empty threats of the court and the puppet cabinet," the Voice urged. "Victory is only a few steps away."

THE APPROACH adopted in this radio campaign is probably an accurate reflection of the Kremlin's strategy toward Iran. As one CENTO expert put it: "Khrushchev knows he cannot topple the Shah and turn Iran into a people's democracy all at one blow. What he is looking for in this particular revolution is a Persian Kerensky, and old Mossa-



degh still seems the most likely candidate. The framework of the monarchy might survive for a few months, or even for a year or two, under such an interim régime. But the expulsion or murder of the Shah and the northern reorientation of Iran itself would follow inexorably."

The effectiveness of this virulent radio campaign is not to be denied. The question has often been debated whether jamming would not be justified to stifle the voices of propaganda. But there has never been much enthusiasm for this alternative, and it was again rejected at the recent CENTO meeting. In the first place, the operation would be enormously costly and could never give one hundred per cent results. Even more important is the principle involved. "The West just does not jam," one British official at Ankara told me with a sort of wistful pride. "Our thesis has always been that the truth will triumph by itself over lies, and we cannot depart from this in the case of Iran, however great the temptation."

No holds are barred, however, in combatting Moscow's real undercover activities. One part of this tussle is being played out all over the world—wherever, in fact, Iranian students are studying in foreign universities and technical schools.

There are estimated to be about seventeen thousand students abroad at the moment, principally in western countries. These young men are the vanguard of Iran's backward twenty millions, the future professional elite of the country. The Kremlin has carried its fight for their convictions right into the enemy's territory.

In Britain and France, in America and Italy, a concerted Communist campaign has been detected to woo these students through left-wing "welfare clubs" and similar institutions in the hope of converting even a few hundred of them into Marxist warriors. The western answer is to provide as good if not better social facilities, but without the same heavy-handed indoctrination. In London, for example, the British Council is doing vital work in this field with the Iranians, as with all foreign student communities. But much more needs to be done, particularly the opening up of more private homes.

Nikita's Little Helpers

The tug of war on the perimeter shows the detailed thoroughness of the Kremlin's assault against Iran. Yet the central subversive effort is, of course, inside Iran itself. Here it takes many forms. There is, for example, the favorite technique of "whisper propaganda."

One American diplomat stationed in Teheran told me that he reckoned over a third of the capital's ten thousand taxi drivers are in the pay of Soviet agents. Their task, in return for a fixed monthly payment, is simply to pour tales of sorrow and alarm into the ears of any fare they pick up.

Subversive leaflets are another device. On the one or two occasions when these leaflets have been traced directly to the Soviet or another Eastern Bloc embassy, the flow was shut off for a while by normal diplomatic protests. But radio propaganda, leaflets, and rumors are only a means of softening up. The final

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Soviet thrust in Teheran must be public and political. It is, above all, the activities of the Tudeh Party that CENTO security experts are following in this connection. The party has been banned since 1949 and its present active membership is put at not more than fifteen hundred. But this is a hard core whose discipline and fanaticism are in marked contrast to the corrupt indolence of most of their political opponents.

The survivors of the Tudeh central committee are known to be in Moscow, where they pull the strings to guide their colleagues at home. These colleagues have burrowed so deep underground that CENTO's main security problem is to identify them. It seems clear that the main counter-subversive help Iran is now receiving on the spot from CENTO specialists is precisely in this field. The Iranian political police operate haphazardly, if brutally. Western experts are now showing them how to compile proper card indexes of suspects and how to codify information received about them. As a result, it is hoped that in any emergency, the Iranian security machine will not just go on rounding up an amorphous mass of malcontents, "the enemies of the Shah," but will know where its real foes are.

THERE IS one cloud that overshadows all these western efforts—Iran's growing economic misery and social inequalities. This is the real reason why the West is so anxious and the Soviet Union so confident about Iran's destiny.

For America can only help those who help themselves. And hitherto Iran's ruling circles have merely interpreted this in the literal sense, by filling their pockets from both state and foreign funds.

The point was put bluntly enough by Mr. Rusk in a Washington address on May 4. He said: "Social justice is an imperative of the 1960's. The fostering of social justice must, therefore, be a major objective of our aid programs—not because we wish to interfere, not because we wish to dictate, but simply because we wish our aid to be effective."

Whether the Iranian government can grasp this truth quickly enough is the important question.

Dr. Duvalier's Plucked Chicken

J. P. MAXWELL

JEAN JACQUES DESSALINES, who led Haiti's fight for independence a century and a half ago, remarked to a group of cronies shortly after taking for himself the role of emperor: "Pluck the chicken but don't let it scream." This aphorism has been scrupulously adhered to by Haiti's rulers ever since, and the incumbent, Dr. François Duvalier, a fifty-four-year-old physician turned politician, who recently engineered his election to a second six-year term, is no exception.

"Le Leader Spirituel du Peuple," as the president is graciously called by his subjects, views himself as the inheritor of the Dessalinean mantle. In the president's office, called the Salon Jaune because of its yellow draperies, hangs a primitive, fearsome portrait of General Dessalines, one of the most bloodthirsty tyrants in Haitian history.

As an illustration of the empathy between Duvalier and Dessalines, Haitians cite the 1958 debate on the flag. After the expulsion of the French in 1803, Dessalines, campaigning in the coastal area of Arcahaie, seized the tricolor and ripped out the white stripe, thus dramatizing the extirpation of white influence from the new sovereign nation. This gesture produced the Haitian flag of today: horizontal stripes of blue and red. President Duvalier, however, had other ideas. He proposed that Haiti eliminate the blue and change the national colors to vertical stripes of red and black. The president contended that blue was a relic of the colonial past and had no symbolic value for the Haitian people. Black, he averred, would truly represent the racial reality of the nation.

Despite the ethnological soundness of his argument, Dr. Duvalier failed to convince a majority in both houses of parliament and the proposal was rejected. But to make sure his defeat wasn't total, the president offered his vertical black-and-red flag to the army. Now the nation has two flags.

This setback at the hands of uncooperative legislators served as an object lesson to Dr. Duvalier. It taught him, among other things, that the successful politician must be patient; that the game of politics, like chess, requires painstaking, calculated moves designed to bring about the capitulation of the enemy. With this objective constantly in mind, Dr. Duvalier set himself to transforming a restive legislature into a malleable rump parliament. At first Dr. Duvalier used the carrot-and-stick method. When this proved ineffectual, he resorted to martial law, imprisonment, exile, and, in cases where a final solution was required, assassination.

The army, too, was not neglected. The officer corps was repeatedly purged of doubtful elements, and the loyalty of the survivors was nurtured carefully with swift promotions and heaping portions of Dessalinean chicken. Dr. Duvalier refers to the Haitian Army as *"la jeune armée haïtienne."* It is young indeed, and neck deep in politics. Its symbol of success is its present chief of staff, a forty-three-year-old brigadier general who was a first lieutenant when Dr. Duvalier came to power. As a countervailing force to the army, the president created a palace guard two thousand strong. These praetorians are not under command of the army but take an oath of fealty to the president—and their orders only from him. They are the best-trained, best-armed troops in Haiti, and are ably led by a major who happens to be the president's nephew.

'The Voice of the People'

Dr. Duvalier's blueprint for absolute power has been followed smoothly and well. This April, two years ahead of schedule, he was ready to make his final move. Basing his decree on Articles 48, 49, and 51 of the 1957 constitution, which provided for the creation of a unicameral legislature, Dr. Duvalier dissolved the House and Senate and set April 30 as national election day to choose the new chamber. (In Haiti it is customary for incoming presidents

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to rewrite or revise the constitution to suit their needs.)

On election day, and in keeping with established practice, brigades of available voters (mostly government employees and unionized workers) were drafted, corralled into polling booths and stations, and handed prepared ballots inscribed with the names of the winners. Obediently the draftees filed past ballot boxes and deposited their secret votes. Armed wardheelers (*chefs de bouquement*) and secret police stood by, checking off the names of voters against a master roster and stamping them with indelible ink as proof that the citizens had done their duty. In addition to the names of the official candidates, that of Dr. François Duvalier was printed across the top of all the ballots. Without knowing it, the electors were endorsing the president while voting for deputies to the new chamber.

If there were any doubts in anyone's mind as to the intent of this maneuver, they were dispelled quickly with an announcement by the attorney general that *le Peuple Souverain* had drafted the president to a second term by 1,328,000 votes, the largest majority in Haitian history. That same day a delegation of newly elected deputies called at the Presidential Palace to communicate the happy tidings. "I incline myself before the popular will," Dr. Duvalier declared. "As a revolutionary I have no right to disregard the voice of the people."

As is usually the case with modern autocrats, Dr. Duvalier claims to be a genuine democrat. Echoing General Dessalines's dictum on nobility *("Moi seul je suis noble")*, Dr. Duvalier has informed his collaborators that only he knows how to be a democrat. He maintains, and with justification, that democracy is an eclectic political philosophy as well as a disruptive form of government. Although an admirer of the democratic way of life, he contends that freedom of speech, freedom of dissent, freedom of assembly, and the safety of the individual constitute the sort of democratic trappings Haiti can do without. And he states, as in his inaugural speech of May 22, that it is precisely the maintenance and insistence upon these "outward forms" of democracy that have brought Haiti a succession of stagnant governments and carried the nation to the brink of civil war.

Because all Haitians do not share Dr. Duvalier's views on the selectivity as well as the failings of democracy, the régime has had to resort to the usual repressive methods of a police state. To enforce national acceptance of the presidential father image (official hagiographers refer to him affectionately as *Papa-Doc*), the régime instituted a "fear deterrent" the like of which Haiti hasn't experienced since the days of Emperor Faustin Soulouque more than a century ago. A vast army of secret police and informers, picturesquely called *tontons-macoutes* (Creole for snoopers), roots out "obstructionists," to use the régime's term, and subjects them to its corrective treatment. Not many can withstand the brutalities of police persuasion, and they conclude that it is better to conform than to suffer. The success of the "fear deterrent" policy has been such that the Haitian, notoriously vocal in his opinions, today avoids any allusion to politics, and even the valiant heretic discusses the régime euphemistically when talking with foreigners.

The Haitian press, or what passes for such, is daily filled with paeans to Dr. Duvalier and editorial adulation of his "revolution." This revolution is actually an amalgam of platitudinous pronouncements, pious statements, and phrases already worn thin by previous governments. Even its slogan is unimaginative: "Order, Peace, Work."

In point of fact, there is no evidence of a "revolution." It is conceded, even by those who are well disposed toward the government, that the single greatest accomplishment of the régime has been the paving of Boulevard Dessalines, in downtown Port-au-Prince, which was done at a cost of about $1,500,000, twice its projected cost. This and the construction of a small number of primary schools, a couple of police posts, and a partially completed housing development named Cité Simone Duvalier constitute the total record of achievements supposedly justifying the expenditure of $18.3 million in U.S. technical co-operation and special assistance since 1958. That the régime recognizes the weakness of its claims is made obvious by the official rebuttal. Apologists, Dr. Duvalier included, say that the plotting of exiles and the machinations of "obstructionists" have sabotaged the "revolution."

Bare Existence

The failures and cupidity of the Duvalier régime notwithstanding, Haiti suffers from a series of interlocking problems whose solution would defy the efforts of the wisest

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of governments. The country is physically impoverished, economically and socially backward, and overpopulated. Its soil is eroded; its forests are denuded; its water table is slowly sinking. Haiti is a nation of almost four million inhabitants crowded into ten thousand square miles of mountainous country. With four hundred inhabitants to the square mile, it has the highest population density in Latin America and one of the highest in the world.

The mass of the people exist in the hinterland in agglomerations of *ajoupas,* huts constructed of wattles and mud. They are so backward that they are unaware that a different life exists outside their villages. Most of them have never heard of Dr. Duvalier. The nation's illiteracy rate is close to ninety per cent, and four years of the Duvalier régime have not decreased the figure. The per capita income is $67 a year, and only one person out of sixteen receives wages or a salary.

The nation is subject to the vagaries of a one-crop economy, coffee, which grows wild. Roads are few and in poor repair; many are impassable during the rainy season. Telephone and telegraph communications exist mostly on paper. Industry is small and marginal, with little skilled labor. There are chronic power failures, and plant equipment is antiquated. There is no sewage system. Streams and rivers are polluted. One-third of the population is diseased. Health standards in the hinterland are nonexistent.

Paul Moral, a Haitian economist, calls Haiti a classical example of "economic parasitism." He writes: "The primary sector, comprising nine-tenths of the population, provides nine-tenths of the national exports, thanks to the sale of which the second and third sectors, comprising one-tenth of the population, consume nine-tenths of the national imports."

Haiti is less developed in 1961 than it was, say, in 1789, when it was a colony of France. During colonial times its combined exports and imports were valued at $140 million, and its sugar, coffee, indigo, and cotton supplied the French domestic market. In prosperous years it employed more than seven hundred ocean-going vessels. Today the fiscal budget is stabilized in the neighborhood of $30 million, of which $5 million is an outright U.S. cash subsidy. Roughly $25 million is derived from the sale of coffee and from duties, tourism, sugar, and sisal. There is also a "nonfiscal" budget of unknown dimensions but believed to be around $15 million. The disbursement of this money is secret, but it is generally believed that it is used for "presidential support," which is another way of saying that it goes to the army, the police, the *tontons-macoutes,* and other presidential charities.

Today, after 158 years of semi-compulsive mismanagement, the national economy is so precarious—some economists say nonviable—that Haiti has been termed "the disappearing nation."

MORE IMPORTANT than economic dereliction is the moral squalor of the nation's administrators. Many observers and members of the Haitian intelligentsia blame this moral

bankruptcy for much of the nation's blight. They point out that the politicians, both black and mulatto—Haiti also is riven by color prejudice, whose political manifestations can be traced back to Dessalines—have always displayed indifference to the welfare of the black masses of the hinterland, regarding them as chattels to be exploited. Haitian politicians, particularly those serving Dr. Duvalier, are notorious for their rapacity, their callousness, their inefficiency, their hostility to foreigners, and their love of undercover deals. The old adage that politics is synonymous with accumulation of wealth is particularly true of Haiti, where bribes are the inevitable concomitant of doing business.

The low standard of the national ethic has attracted a number of carpetbaggers, much the same way as an open sore attracts flies. These capitalist freebooters come to Port-au-Prince to inveigle politicians into supporting this or that project. Rarely are these deals beneficial to the people. Oftentimes, as was the case in Cuba, these operators are the agents of "gray" money seeking remunerative investment abroad and evasion of U.S. taxes.

The fact that Haiti's administrators, operating under the guise of democracy, have been unable to resist the blandishments of power has led an ever-increasing number of intellectuals to seek remedies made in Moscow. With few exceptions they are sympathetic to the revolutionary experiment in Cuba and unresponsive to the danger of Communist penetration. In their frustration they admire the puritanism of the Cuban revolutionaries and compare it with the greediness of their own politicians. But a fumbling attempt to interest the Eastern Bloc in the affairs of Haiti failed to achieve the desired results. The country is so lacking in economic and cultural prerequisites that neither the Soviets nor the Chinese nor their satellites have thought their involvement worthwhile.

Until the present, Washington's relations with Dr. Duvalier have been correct if not downright friendly, and the case for Dr. Duvalier is a good one if it is to be judged only by expediency. He claims to be pro-American, and he maintains this political affiliation in a hemisphere rapidly being infected by the nutralist virus. Two years ago Dr. Duvalier requested and received a Marine Corps mission to help train the Haitian army. More recently, through the mediation of Representative Victor L. Anfuso (D., New York), who was visiting the island, Dr. Duvalier offered the Defense Department the lease of Môle Saint Nicolas, on the northwestern tip of Haiti, as a substitute naval base to beleaguered Guantánamo. Thanks to the president's assiduous efforts, there is in Haiti today no organized opposition. It is argued, therefore, that there is no alternative but to go along with the régime and no assurance that a

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successor régime would be any more pro-American or any less venal. These political facts of life have led the State Department into a reluctant acceptance of the theory that it would be unwise to rock the boat.

But Dr. Duvalier's electoral chicanery and his inauguration of a second term on May 22 have injected a new element into the political equation. Dr. Duvalier can no longer masquerade as a benevolent democrat. Mr. Kennedy and his advisers have made it plain that they do not want to be identified with *caudillismo,* especially the variety that turns a nation into a private domain, as Dr. Duvalier has done in Haiti. «»

Mr. Green Picks Up the Pieces

TURHAN TIRANA

PHILADELPHIA

A STATE of more or less open warfare has existed for some time in the Democratic Party of Philadelphia between the reformers, led by Mayor Richardson Dilworth, and the old-time clubhouse factions, led by Representative William Green. The reformers may have won the elections that upset decades of Republican control, but the regulars, contemptuously confident that do-gooders lack staying power, have made it more and more apparent that they intend to go on running things in Philadelphia long after the idealists have disappeared from the scene. Mr. Green's strength as party leader has been increasing of late, and he has scarcely attempted to conceal his satisfaction over a scandal that has been the source of considerable embarrassment to the crusaders. It remains to be seen how much he himself may be damaged.

The scandal unfolded when two high city officials, both under civil service, were suspended for accepting cash presents from a contractor in charge of repairs on a city-owned elevated transit line. It further developed that most of the repairs, though paid for, had either not been done at all or had been done faultily. Dilworth, who dismissed early signs of the scandal as "penny ante," cut short a round-the-world vacation and rushed home. He fired the two men, the city treasurer, and several others, including one department head whose only offense was to remark that it was too bad one of the men had to be dismissed.

Green, who declined to postpone his own vacation to Europe because of the scandal, remarked happily that none of those involved was a party member. But then a city councilman whom Green had once nominated for lieutenant governor disclosed that he had accepted a $3,000 cash donation from the same contractor last fall for Citizens for Kennedy. The council previously had approved a $650,000 appropriation for additional repairs to the el, and the donation was not reported as required by law.

The Republican Alliance, a group of insurgent Republicans trying to win control from the regular G.O.P. organization, got into the picture by charging the Democratic City Committee with demanding contributions of up to $25,000 from people who wanted to get zoning changes for construction through the city council. The Alliance and the Republican City Committee also asked for a grand-jury investigation of the whole matter, but there is little chance that it will be allowed.

What has happened to the Democratic Party in Philadelphia, which was revived only twelve years ago with the support of the business and banking community and the Republican newspapers as well as the voters—not to mention the best of intentions? The answer lies in part with the reformers, who were more concerned with principles than patronage and lost control of their own victory, and in part with Green, who took control from the reformers.

It has often been said that the days of the big-city bosses are over, and yet Green, at fifty-one, a small, genial man with bright eyes and immense vitality, enjoys a power in Philadelphia that can only be compared with that once enjoyed by Hague in Jersey City, Crump in Memphis, or Pendergast in Kansas City. Green, who eschews the flamboyant gestures of the old-time bosses, resembles a moderately successful businessman; he even belongs to a country club. But the city council doesn't move without his nod, and no Democratic candidate has a chance without his blessing.

Green, like the two other successful bosses of this day, Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago and Thorn Lord of Trenton, is essentially a good organizer. Green once told me: "My duty as party leader is to bring all the discordant factors of the party together. It's like Ford or General Motors. I'm the chairman of the board."

Nice Guys Don't Win Ball Games

Joseph S. Clark, the first reform mayor, had firm control over his party. Dilworth, his successor, now feels that he has paid too much attention to his urban-redevelopment programs and not enough to daily political affairs. More important, though, is the fact that the reform movement lost momentum after the Clark administration. Dilworth does not control the party machinery and so has had to compromise with the politicians.

Clark was elected the first Democratic mayor of Philadelphia in sixty-seven years in 1951, and Dilworth was his district attorney. Both men come from prominent families and were notable mostly for their war records and promising legal careers when they started running for public office. Neither had had any previous political experience, but once in office they cleaned the corrupt

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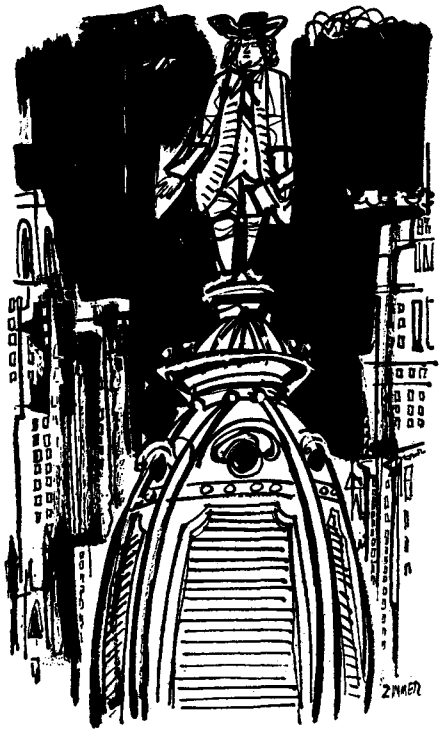
politicians out of City Hall, brought in good government, and started to rebuild the city. Clark went on to the Senate, and Dilworth is now in his second and, according to law, last term as mayor.

Green's story is different. The son of an Irish saloonkeeper, he attended St. Joseph's College for two years and entered ward politics as soon as he was of voting age. He became a ward leader and in 1944 he was elected to Congress. Drafted into the Army during the campaign, he was a supply clerk a few months until he was discharged to enable him to take his seat.

Green consolidated his position at home by means of the various favors he could do in Washington. He also gained a reputation as a hustler among the ward leaders. In 1953, he succeeded James Finnegan, Adlai Stevenson's former Presidential campaign manager, as chairman of the Democratic City Committee. One might almost say that this was the point at which the reformers began to lose control of the party they had led to unaccustomed victory. James Clark, no relation to the senator, a former city chairman and trucking magnate, had been trying unsuccessfully to get rid of Finnegan, one of the leaders of the reform movement. Finnegan finally resigned because of bad health. Clark, now the party's finance chairman and one of Green's closest friends, sent the word out to the ward leaders that Green was to be elected, and he was. Green has enjoyed the job so much that he claims he has lost an ulcer.

One of Green's major problems has been the 1951 city charter, which ties most of the city employees to civil service. Before the charter, practically all city jobs, including the police, had been filled by patronage. The charter also gives the mayor the right to appoint his own department heads. The ward leaders were horrified when Joseph Clark actually used this provision and chose men solely on merit. Green tried to have the charter amended, but Clark was strong enough to prevent the two-thirds majority needed in the city council to put the amendments on the ballot. When Dilworth was elected mayor, the city council had swung more to Green, and Dilworth allowed three amendments on the ballot. The state supreme court declared two of them illegal, and the third was defeated at the polls.

Green's critics say the city has two mayors, Dilworth and Green. They point to a recent increase in the city wage and real-estate taxes to illustrate their point. The increase was asked by Dilworth and passed by the city council, which is usually reluctant to approve new taxation. But one councilman said, "If Bill



Green hadn't told us to go along to avoid a fight, he [Dilworth] wouldn't have gotten a damn thing." The Philadelphia *Bulletin* wrote in an editorial: "Philadelphia taxpayers seem to prefer this kind of one-party efficiency. They had it for years under Republican domination. Lately they have assigned the authority to the Democrats. How far they can go in spending and taxing is just turned over to the political bosses to worry about."

All the High Cards

The only real challenge to Green's leadership comes from the Republican Alliance, which is just getting organized. The Alliance has the backing of the state Republican committee and the national committee. It plans to try to oust the G.O.P. leadership, give the party a face lifting, bring back to the fold Republicans who have been voting Democratic or just not voting, and attract Democrats who supported the reformers but are tired of Green. All but two of the fifty-nine Republican ward leaders, however, voted a few weeks ago to re-elect their leader for another term. The Alliance has a long way to go.

Austin Meehan, former sheriff and unofficial chief of the Republican Party, has been charged with co-operating with the Democratic organization. Meehan denies this. Citing his eight children and twenty grandchildren, he told me, "I can't go down the street having them think I'm not honest." He then added that Green, who has six children himself, is "as nice a fellow as you'd want to meet." Meehan, like many of the older Republican politicians, believes that politics is a matter of cycles and the Democrats will have to give up City Hall when their turn comes.

Green has built a first-rate political machine through what he calls "high class, efficiency business methods" and patronage—despite the city charter. He says, "I believe it is necessary to have patronage to operate political organizations, but it must be distributed properly to responsible people." Some thirteen hundred state jobs and an undisclosed number of city jobs are at his disposal. Complete files are kept on all party workers and on jobholders. If the jobholders prove to be "irresponsible," the jobs can be shifted.

Green's methods have served him remarkably well in elections. The first task of his twenty-four financial and legal advisers and political analysts and his three thousand committeemen is to find new voters and to bring them to the polls. Three surveys are taken before every election, and the party workers are given quotas. If they fall behind, the City Committee finds out fast.

The job of winning elections is made somewhat easier by the fact that the various minority groups that now constitute a majority in Philadelphia usually vote Democratic anyway. The white Protestant

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Republicans have been moving out of the city for at least forty years. In a population of two million, there are 529,000 Negroes, 550,000 Catholics, and 255,000 Jews.

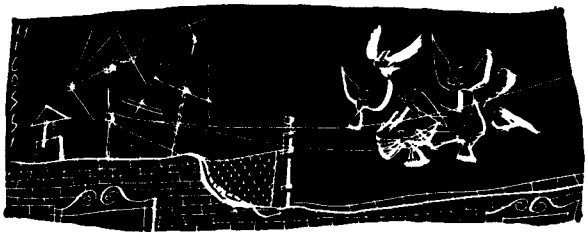
Green's position has been further strengthened by his connections with the Kennedy administration. Green forced Governor David Lawrence, who was generally understood to be pro-Stevenson, to call a caucus of the key Pennsylvania delegation at the Democratic convention last summer, and the majority of delegates chose Kennedy. This was at a time when several other important delegations were wavering. In the election itself, Green helped give Kennedy a plurality of 331,000 votes in Philadelphia, thus upsetting Nixon's lead of 213,000 in the rest of the state. Green apparently ranks very high with Robert Kennedy, as well as with John Bailey, the Democratic national chairman, and Lawrence O'Brien, the President's assistant for Congressional affairs. Green was singled out to sit in the President's box at the Inaugural Ball, a reward he visibly enjoyed.

GREEN SAYS he worked during the election for the people and he will be happy if the Kennedy program is enacted. But on a more mundane level, he has this to say on the subject of Federal patronage: "I'm entitled to jobs. I'm going to get them anyway." Green may also hope to get the Democratic leadership of Pennsylvania, the third most populous state in the union, when Lawrence leaves Harrisburg next year.

Green's friends tried unsuccessfully to get him a Senate nomination five years ago, and he has indicated that he would like to see some other deserving Democrat take Joseph Clark's seat in the Senate in the 1962 election. Clark, however, has said that he will seek a second term no matter who opposes him.

Of course a Democratic primary fight on top of the recent scandals might help the Republicans to victory in 1962, which would obviously hurt Green as well as the reformers. But taking all factors into account, Green would seem to be a fixture in the politics of both Philadelphia and Pennsylvania for some time to come.

VIEWS & REVIEWS



Too Many Messages

KEN MACRORIE

How would you like a radio station on your dial that would in one day charm you with a program of eighteenth-century chamber music; provoke you with C. S. Lewis talking on love; haunt you with recordings of F.D.R.'s speeches; delight you with pure singing jazz of the 1920's and a seventeenth-century burlesque—Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* —and Wagner's first opera, *Rienzi;* amaze you with a comparison of the rehabilitation of Mau Mau youth and American delinquents, a French-language version of a Kipling fable, as well as Vincent Hallinan's pro-Soviet political commentary; and teach you with several different readings of one poem intoned with different emphasis?

I would like that, but the day that FM station KPFA in Berkeley, California, broadcast those programs, I was expected at work and that night I had to go to a meeting. If I had been free to commit myself to my radio all day and night, I would probably have died—for the usual reason, an overdose. There are simply too many messages.

When I lived in Manhattan a few years ago, I enjoyed reading the New York *Times*—full reports of events, complete texts of Presidential press conferences, long articles on tennis championships, unexpected human-interest stories in the business pages. When I moved to East Lansing, Michigan, I kept up the daily *Times* but found less and less time to read it along with two local papers. When I moved to San Francisco about a year ago, I was pleased to find the New York *Times* cost forty cents, out of my range. I no longer had to feel guilty about not reading it when it came in the mail. Now I hear tell that the *Times* will soon publish a national edition available at regular prices on the West Coast.

Too many messages.

AND THEN TELEVISION. Years ago in New York I discovered *Camera Three,* a Sunday program of variety and quality. It is carried by networks to Michigan and to California. It presents Katherine Anne Porter reading the poetry of W.B. Yeats and W. H. Auden, or those two authentic practitioners of the nineteenth-century cakewalk, Leon James and Al Nimms; or a series called "The Necessity for Solitude," or Saul Steinberg's drawings, or a sharp dramatic presentation of Henry James's short story "The Real Thing"; on and on, every week.

The fact that KQED, the listener-supported educational TV channel in San Francisco, regularly runs the superlative Robert Herridge Theatre and tapes of Pablo Casals teaching students the cello at the University of California does not surprise me, but that the networks should produce regular programs such as *CBS Reports* and the *NBC White Papers* is almost beyond belief. The *White Paper* on the U-2 affair spoke fairly but without softness. The *White Paper* "Railroads: The End of the Line" brought terrifyingly alive the America that refuses to confront

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its dying but needed rapid-transit system and the blight on modern civilization caused by the automobile. I saw the roads eating our land and I felt the cars eating my nerves. I missed the CBS documentary "Harvest of Shame," which apparently had guts.

If you watch television rather than dismiss it, you can add your favorite programs to the list. I could go on: the high-style network production of parts of *Vanity Fair,* the gripping *Play of the Week* production of Turgenev's *A Month in the Country,* the satirical sketches of Ernie Kovacs or Sid Caesar. But I must stop.

Too many messages. Too many good messages.

Not to mention too many bad messages. When I twist the knob only hoping, not knowing from a schedule, I get Jack Daily's *Hypocrisy for a Day,* Deputy Dan's *Demoralization by Gunfire,* and Lawrence Bilk's music played inside Jell-o. Dozens and hundreds of them, surrounding the good, enveloping it, burying it.

Too many messages, good and bad. And at the damnedest times and in the damnedest places.

In *Playboy,* the magazine that carries the near-nude "Playmate of the Month," appeared Eric Bentley's "Letter to a Would-Be Playwright." This piece of dramatic criticism drew letters of praise from two distinguished theater directors and a Yale professor of drama.

And then some lumberjack tells me I must read *True,* the manly man's magazine, and I laugh. But there in *True* is a feature article on the American Civil Liberties Union, making the point that the Union's defense of the civil rights of "such unsavory types as Nazis, gangsters, filth merchants, and Communists" really buttresses the rights of the common citizen. You pick the most unlikely spot for what you like best and I'll find it there for you. One last example: Jules Feiffer's acerb dissection of our sicknesses in the Hearst newspaper every Sunday.

The good messages are there, in great number, but blindly strewn through vast marshes of bad. I don't have time to find them all. I could get help from the daily and Sunday newspaper television previews, the regional and national television guides, the new Bay Area television bulletin issued by four San Francisco stations, the new Bay Area FM listening guide, the reviews in the national news magazines. But I haven't time to read *them.*

I go to the paperbound bookstore: three thousand of the best paperbacks in print. I won't cite them. You know who's there—everybody who ever wrote a line, good or bad. Four times a year there is a syndicated *Paperback Review,* listing and reviewing choice new titles. Another message about messages. I took time once to read it and found it strong, opinionated, first-rate. Now I regret every new issue I haven't time to read.

And musical messages. All the sounds are on record; I can afford only a few. Couldn't listen to them anyway. And also on record are the satirists, the whole stable of horses who aren't supposed to exist in an age unable (so they always tell us) to laugh at itself: Jonathan Winters, Mort Sahl, Lenny Bruce, Bill Dana, Bob Newhart—and the list goes on.

Too many messages, and these are only the mass communications. My world stuffed with messages. They hurtle at my door and pile up on the stoop, swirling out with a gust of wind to litter the entrance. The entrances of my mind are littered, with bad and with good. Every message that comes in lessens the chance of every other message. I cannot stand the flood of print and sound and picture.

The "businessmen" go on manufacturing shoddy messages for profit. The intellectuals go on raving about the "garbage" of the mass media. Neither have seen clearly the state of the message-drowned world. Its critical characteristic is not the dearth of high-quality messages—or even the profusion of second-rate messages—but simply the profusion of all kinds of messages. Not only do they increasingly distract us from firsthand experience, but they scatter our brains. There are no large centers of sanity to which we can turn, no moments of space and quiet that restore our souls. We cannot discover the exit from our thruway. We speed along, the din of messages beating upon us as we sit in what we call the driver's seat. Of course the world of tree and stream and cloud is right there, but it blurs beyond the billboards as we drive by, and we can no longer hear its silence.

Blue Jeans Along the Arno

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

FLORENCE

The practice of transplanting American students onto foreign soil for part of their education is increasing rapidly. Here in Florence alone the following American programs are currently in operation: Smith College Junior Year, Syracuse Semester in Italy, Stanford University Overseas Campus, Middlebury College Graduate School, Sarah Lawrence Summer Program, the Villa Mercede, and the Pius XII Institute. Elsewhere in Tuscany, among white oxen and leaning towers, lurk several other specialized institutes of art and music. Nor does this take into account the various private language schools, or the annual flock of Fulbrighters. During the years 1956-1961, for example, thirteen lecturers, nineteen researchers, 115 students, and ten teachers came here under the Fulbright international exchange fellowship program.

Study abroad, experiment in international living—this is the double goal of all these programs. But the stress on keeping up American academic standards and on not falling behind in the piling up of credits frequently seems to rule out any meaningful participation in a foreign culture. At best, only a compromise can be achieved, and the differences among the various teaching programs depend upon the degree to which one aspect or the other —living or learning—is stressed.

The oldest of these programs—

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Smith College's junior year abroad —has been in operation more than twenty-five years. Every year here in Florence, from fifteen to twenty girls take four courses specially prepared for them at the University of Florence. They may choose a fifth course from the regular university program. Since the girls live with Italian families and attend courses in an Italian university, the junior year is the most likely to plunge the young American abroad into the frequently bewildering sea of Italian life. The program is headed by an Italian, Signora Franca Lolli; and aside from certain very flexible curfew regulations and the fact that students may not own automobiles, the Smith girls are allowed maximum freedom to travel during weekends and vacations, and to learn a few things about Italians that are not to be found in books.

Another program even more intimately meshed with the Italian educational system is the Middlebury Graduate School, initiated here last November. This program differs from all others in that it is exclusively a graduate school for Americans preparing to teach Italian. Middlebury students attend regular courses at the University of Florence, in contrast to the special courses set up for the Smith students. The program is directed by Dr. Salvatore J. Castiglione of Georgetown University. The fact that the director's wife, Signora Pierina Castiglione, who also participates in the program, is a native Florentine affords the students the hope, if not the likelihood, of entering into the usually closed circles of Florentine private life. Fifteen students are currently working for their master's degrees under the program: all of them have had many years of Italian language studies. They attend four courses at the University of Florence and live with Florentine families. Since these are graduate students, there is no attempt to exert the sort of control over their personal lives that frequently puzzles Europeans and irritates young Americans who feel themselves to be the victims of parent substitutes. Middlebury students, like the Fulbrighters, are free to do as they please outside of classes.

In contrast to the Smith and Middlebury programs, which deal with small groups and are interlocked with the University of Florence, are the two large branch programs, the Syracuse Semester in Italy and the Stanford University Overseas Campus. Both are designed to accommodate much larger groups for less than a full academic year. The problem in both cases, though variously confronted, is similar—how much can Italy possibly mean to a student living and studying on an American campus transported to Tuscany? Under the Stanford program, for example, eighty co-ed students live, eat, and study together in the sumptuous Villa San Paolo on the outskirts of Florence. Here in one three-story building are classrooms and dormitories. Eating lunch in the dining hall with all the glowing-faced, long-legged girls and gawky boys in sweat shirts, a visitor finds it difficult to realize that Giotto's campanile is only twelve minutes away. The able and thoughful directors of the Stanford operation have not yet discovered how to Italianize this bit of California in Tuscany.

Regular courses leading toward a B.A. are taught by American professors, integrated with special courses in Italian language and literature. Talking with the director of administration, Professor Giuseppe Mammarella, a native Florentine, and with the director of studies, Professor Guelfo Frullo, an American citizen, I got the impression that a valiant effort was being made to offer as much as possible to the greatest possible number. Under the present arrangement, for instance, a third of all the students at Stanford have an opportunity to go to one of the three Stanford Overseas Schools, and every six months a new group of students and professors arrives from the home campus, to be housed together, eat together, and study together. Seventy per cent of the students have had a term of Italian before coming here, and perhaps twenty-five per cent of the group have studied some Italian during the summer before arriving.

Although two out of the five courses (all given in English) offered for each quarter deal with Italian subjects, and although the students are required to take language instruction from native teachers, it often seems that these subjects might just as well have been taught in the United States. In order to establish some link between the self-enclosed curriculum and the Italian scene outside the school, classes are held only four days a week and until 4 P.M. daily. The rest of the time, from 4 P.M. to 1 A.M. and during the three-day weekend, students are encouraged to keep away from the villa. The students are also taken every three months on ten-day field trips, paid for by the school with small contributions from the students. Furthermore, most of the students remain for one or two months beyond their six months, and travel considerably before returning to the States. For their courses in contemporary Italian politics, students are required to conduct interviews with Italian journalists, political leaders, and secretaries of various parties. The school has been astonished at the patience with which political leaders of all groups are ready to

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spend time with American students. As might have been foreseen, the Communists are the most co-operative of all.

THE SYRACUSE SEMESTER in Italy, headed by Professor John Clarke Adams, attempts to steer a course for its fifty-five students somewhere between the big branch idea of Stanford and the small, integrated junior-year idea of Smith. The courses are all given in a large rust-red villa on the Piazza Savonarola, but in order to avoid setting up another American dormitory on the Arno, the Syracuse students live with Florentine families, and the residence is changed in the middle of the fifteen-week semester. All Syracuse courses deal with European culture, including ten hours a week of Italian, a subject in which many of the students are beginners since there are no language prerequisites. The academic load is heavy, with classes held six mornings and five afternoons a week. Apart from the fact that the students live out with Italian families, they are further discouraged from congregating at the school by the fact that the building is closed every evening at seven, as well as on Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday. But many of the students wanted "more free time to be in Italy," as one boy put it with an ironic smile.

In addition to the all-year-round college programs, forty or so students from various women's colleges spend six weeks each summer at Sarah Lawrence College in Bellosguardo, under the skilled direction of a scholar of Italian and comparative literature, Professor Marc Slonim. There are also two independent institutions, the Villa Mercede and the Pius XII Institute. The latter is a graduate school of fine arts for women. The Villa Schifanoia, in which it is housed, is located in San Domenico midway between Florence and Fiesole. The villa was given by Myron C. Taylor to Pius XII with a request that it be used under the direction of the Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa, Wisconsin, for the education of American women. Here, amid formal gardens, cypresses, and fountains, graduate students work toward their master's degree in art or music.

This year there are forty-seven girls at the Villa Mercede, taking their classes in a lovely old villa that was once the residence of Dante's friend Cavalcanti. Here, with a magnificent view, through silvery olive groves and swaying cypress, of Florence cradled in its hills, a group of American girls, all of whom have finished secondary school and some of whom have gone through sophomore year at college, pursue courses in archaeology, the history of art, Italian civilization, etc. Nearly all the teachers are Italians, but most of the courses are given in English. As Mrs. Francis Taylor, the director, explained to me: "The idea here is quite different from either the junior year or the branch college. Our thinking is that it is better for students just out of high school to spend a year abroad *before* beginning college. Thus, although they work on a college level and are asked to take twenty hours a week, and must study Italian and participate in many field trips, they are not working for credits and therefore are more disposed to absorb to the full the civilization around them."

But like other Americans abroad, the young ladies of Villa Mercede soon discover that the Florentines well deserve their reputation of being even more self-enclosed than other Italians. Even with much more language skill than most of the American students possess, it is not easy for a person to be fully accepted in that sanctum sanctorum, the Italian family.

The Van Gogh Country

JAY JACOBS

ARLES

TURN almost anywhere in Arles or its environs, and you are confronted with the subject of a picture by van Gogh (and often with what appears to be a *tableau vivant* based on one or another of his canvases or sketches). The granddaughters of the full-skirted *blanchisseuses* who toiled beneath the Pont l'Anglois wear pants to the laundromat, and TV has replaced the billiard table in most of the cafés; but the majority of the streets and buildings are almost exactly as they were in the late 1880's; the curiously deceptive light and sunstruck color are as limpid and dazzling as ever; and the distinctive *types Arlésiens* haven't yet begun to be bred out of existence.

The artist's famous *"maison jaune,"* on the Place Lamartine, was demolished during the last war; but the Alcazar Café (the subject of "Café de Nuit") is still in business, although the lurid gaslight, the garish color scheme, and the billiard table are gone. The Alcazar, where van Gogh lodged for a time, is rarely more heavily patronized now than it seems to have been the night he painted it, and like most *bistros* in the town, closes well in advance of the hours apparently kept in the nineteenth century (the clock in the painting indicates a quarter past twelve, a bleak time indeed for thirsty Arlésiens of today). The outdoor café on the Place du Forum (in the painting "Terrasse de Café, la Nuit") is now a furniture store, but a slight exercise of the imagination will transport the movables behind the otherwise unchanged façade out onto the sidewalk. For the most part, the Place is still as it was the evening van Gogh committed it to canvas.

To live for a while in Arles is gradually to fall prey to the slightly aberrated notion that one has been locked in a waxworks museum after closing time. One drops into La Cigale, just inside the old gate, for a calvados, and finds a venerable cowherd from the Camargue still sitting exactly as van Gogh left him, looking on at a game of *belote*. The Postman Roulin can be found any Saturday selling herbs at the outdoor market on the Boulevard des Lices. His son Armand, whom Vincent painted in profile and full face, has bequeathed his slightly petulant good looks to dozens of young bloods about town. One gets the eerie impression that not only

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Why Some People Don't Buy Harper's

By John Fischer
Editor

Harper's is a singular kind of magazine, with a special flavor. Some people like it—so much, in fact, that they become lifelong addicts. Yet when taken regularly and in moderation it appears to do them little harm.

In honesty, however, it must be admitted that other readers find it hard to stomach. They complain that it is unsettling—even dangerous—and that its contents are too sharp and pungent for general taste.

Harper's has never been produced for the mass market. Its founders designed it 111 years ago for a small, specific clientele. They had no other choice.

A century ago, before the days of universal public education, the so-called educated class was the only group that had the ability, the leisure, and the money to read much of anything. It was, in effect, the governing class of the country—those people in the professions, industry, and public service who largely decided the issues and set the standards of taste for the rest of the population.

Within six months of its founding, the magazine had reached a circulation of 50,000 copies, a remarkable figure for the time. (The editor—a young man named Henry J. Raymond—was encouraged by this success to branch out on his own; he founded The New York Times.)

Harper's was treasured by its subscribers; hundreds of them bound their old copies into leather-covered volumes, and carried them across the plains in covered wagons or around the Horn to the gold camps of California. By the light of whale-oil lamps they were read aloud in innumerable family circles from Maine to Oregon. By the time the Civil War broke, Harper's was firmly established as the leading national monthly—"a mirror," as a later editor put it, "of American life and ideas."

During the succeeding generations, Harper's has, of course, undergone many changes in format, content, and editorial techniques. Yet its chosen audience remains much the same; those people who assay considerably higher than average in discrimination, intellectual curiosity, and concern for the national well-being. As a result, it has developed certain characteristics:

1. It deals primarily with ideas. Especially the ideas which will make important news a year—or five or ten years—later. In fields ranging from oceanography to economics, from the theater to religion, Harper's tries to find the fresh, seminal thinkers whose ideas may have a real impact on the future shape of the world.

2. It provides a highly selective kind of news coverage. Harper's makes no attempt to cover the ephemeral happenings which fill about 90 per cent of the space in news magazines and the daily press. What it does attempt to report are those events and personalities that may have a lasting historical significance—and it tries to cover them in a more authoritative, carefully considered, and analytic fashion than the daily or weekly publications can ordinarily achieve. Harper's articles have shaken up state governments, labor unions, political parties, and state and federal laws.

3. It seeks an independent assessment of public issues. Harper's keeps apart from any party, pressure group, or commercial interest. It peddles no ideology, grinds no private axes. It tries to reflect the widest possible spectrum of responsible opinion—including many opinions with which the editors personally disagree. It is skeptical of the public relations counselor and the official pronouncement. It has a special respect for the sharp-eyed individual observer who, as Frederick Lewis Allen, former editor of Harper's, once said: "...sits all by himself, unorganized, unrecognized, unorthodox, and unterrified."

4. It welcomes controversy. The mass media usually have to shun controversial subjects, because they dare not risk offending any substantial number of their readers. Harper's does not try to woo everybody—and it assumes that its kind of reader is tough-minded enough to enjoy a lively argument, even when it rubs him on a raw spot. Consequently, Harper's is able to examine the behavior of Sacred Cows—for example, U. S. Savings Bonds, the veterans' and farmers' lobbies, the giant charity fund-raising outfits, and the F.B.I.—with a candor not often found elsewhere.

5. It provides a vehicle for the artist in literature. The short story writer, the poet, the essayist, the critic, and the humorist find here a welcome for their best work—uncramped by popular formulas or conventional forms. And the work of an entirely unknown writer is considered just as eagerly as that of a William Faulkner or Arthur Miller.

All too often these five standards measure the aspirations rather than the accomplishments of the editors. Yet now and then they feel that they have come somewhere near the mark, and that a proportion of the things they publish may have a permanent value.

We hope that at least some of those who try Harper's will find the flavor robust, well matured, and a pleasure. In the meantime, we have tried to explain why some people *don't* buy Harper's. *And* why *many do.*

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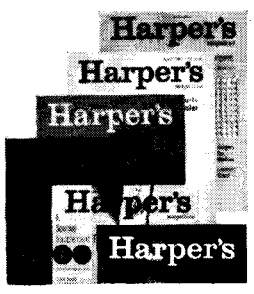

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the clock in the Alcazar but time itself has stopped in Arles since van Gogh was taken to Saint-Rémy. And on each occasion, as with a mirror unexpectedly encountered, the mind's eye is jolted into seeing freshly an image that long familiarity has dulled.

ONE CAN PLAY at this game of finding van Gogh "originals" almost indefinitely around Arles. In the fifteen months he stayed there, he executed nearly three hundred pieces of work, of which about two-thirds were paintings. But amusing as it may be, the deliberate searching out of the painter's models is ultimately a rather pointless business. One visits the abbey of Montmajour or Alphonse Daudet's windmill with a van Gogh reproduction in the hand or mind, and locates the precise points of thymy ground from which he sketched the structures—and one verifies the obvious. Or, one walks the footpath beside the Arles-Bouc Canal to reach the newly reconstructed Pont l'Anglois—the famous "little bridge" of which van Gogh painted several versions; and yes, except for a negligible difference in the water level, it is pretty much as it should be—and the painting is no longer quite what it was.

It is on the way back from the bridge, though, after a long hike under a sun that would unbalance a far less volatile man than a Vincent van Gogh, while one is chewing the sprig of wild fennel that takes the mind off the painter and suggests the approach of the *pastis* hour, that one suddenly encounters, with a real shock of recognition, the "picture" one wasn't looking for: the singing, fragrant "View of Arles," with its elm-colonnaded foreground; and reality, except for a seasonal change and the interposition in the middle distance of some postwar housing, accords almost perfectly with one of the most lyrical landscapes van Gogh ever painted. Blues and violets that in grayer surroundings have seemed arbitrarily placed and grossly exaggerated, here, under a sun the natives love and fear, fall naturally to the eye.

There are, of course, discrepancies, disappointments. One comes to Provence half expecting to really find

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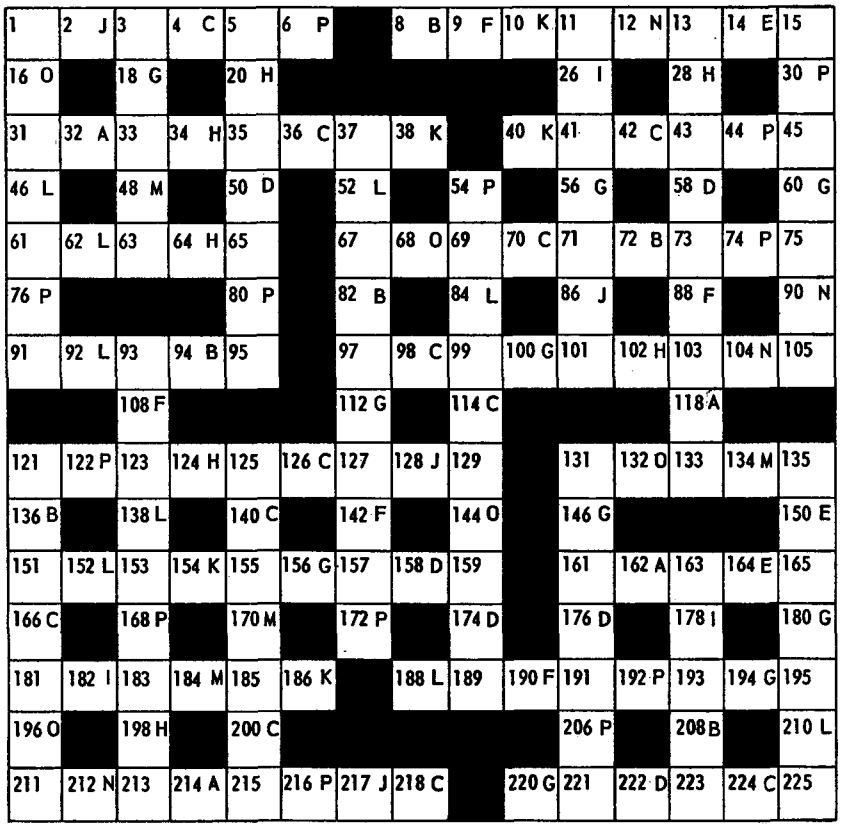
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 37

by HENRY ALLEN



A. 214 32 162 118 Goes with Homo.

B. 208 82 72 136 8 94
To enter a claim to a tract of land.

C. 218 36 126 200 166 4 98 70 42 114 224 140
Code message of the Japanese before Pearl Harbor to indicate that war with America was near. (4,4,4)

D. 50 176 222 158 58 174
The highest point; climax.

E. 150 164 14 Not. (Scot.)

F. 9 108 88 190 142
Opera by Monteverdi, 1608

G. 146 100 60 56 156 220 18 112 180 194
Famous hymn by Augustus Montague Toplady. (4,2,4)

H. 198 64 124 20 34 102 28
"Modified _____!" Gilbert, The Mikado.

I. 26 178 182
"That mighty _____ of song/The divine Milton" Wordsworth, The Excursion

J. 86 2 217 128 A tributary of the Mississippi.

K. 186 40 10 154 38
Famous American editor and author.

L. 152 188 52 62 138 46 210 92 84
A water nymph.

M. 134 170 184 48
"Viva ____." (Common Latin expression.)

N. 90 212 12 104
"Woe to them that are at _____ in Zion." Amos.

O. 196 68 132 144 16
To remove soluble constituents by percolation.

P. 172 192 44 74 30 122 76 6 80 168 54 206 216
Work by the Acrostician. (4,1,8)

Across

1. Mr. C_____ and his holy oil.
8. Implement cast off or a place to keep it?
31. The current leads a vicar's deputy to be precise.
40. Troubled in mind or in spirit or in writ.
61. A title syndicated by the Acrostician.
67. Bondsmen must keep it on hand for heavy-footed drivers of heady cars. (5,4)
91. Appraised and given a rank as N.C.O.
97. A dunce is put to rout but not sought for, surely!
121. Ammunition at the Battle of Brandywind? (5,4)
131. What Father must do to the turkey we crave.
151. Where the golfer builds up the strokes that he grouped together. (4,5)
161. Do act, please, to alter a group of eight.
181. An adding-machine puts the current in a bus.
188. Amputate Mephistopheles' heel to get a decree enacted by an Athenian assembly.
211. That is to say, elk are found north of Ohio. (4,4)
220. Have a good time with a small French coil.

Down

1. She's a fascinating woman to any mister within reach.
3. Hied and hurried but cared to get that way.
5. Wandered off on the day of rest.
11. Opening phrase like, "Hear this," but calling on the eyes. (4,3)
13. The world to come states when and where.
15. Gave it the deep six and did the hundred in.
37. Tour around, though it takes you everywhere.
54. Baseball errors or poor matrimonial prospects? (3,7)
93. Swap the second Gospel for a registered symbol? (5,4)
121. The gray duck thrives on this glad law.
125. On the way but never poetically out.
131. After come, a nasty fall for a resident of Tent City, Tenn., after share.
135. What is peculiar to a people brings an early end to mice.
163. Teddy Roosevelt became ill during the shakedown.

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agonized cypresses leaping in tongues of a black-green hell's own flame against visibly boiling skies—and one discovers that van Gogh has libelously imposed his own neuroticism on a slightly pompous, rather matronly plant that maintains its big-bellied stateliness even when the mistral blows. One steps out of a doorway at Les Baux, up near Saint-Rémy (where "The Starry Night" was painted), and quails at the sight of a veritable Provençal nightful of stars that leaves one disappointed, this time, in the painter. That dozen assorted pinwheels and fireballs of Vincent's don't begin to convey the effect of visible numbers so immense the mind rejects them even while the eye gorges itself. Yet van Gogh's vision of Provence, even in its most subjective moments, is persuasive—and even for the Provençaux. One has only to look at the cypresses whittled by the *santonniers* (the local folk artists who insist on locating the Nativity in the Midi) before and after the painter's stay here to see that his contorted stylizations projected, once and for all, what an adman would call the public image of the tree.

Van Gogh came to Arles in search of a Japan he knew only through the works of the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century printmakers, and never quite disabused himself of the notion that he had found it. "The countryside," he wrote to the painter Emile Bernard, "seems to me to be as lovely as Japan for limpid atmosphere and gay effects of colors." The results of his Japonification of the Midi were mixed. In some of the earlier Arlésien pictures (painted while van Gogh was still in a relatively happy state of mind, and still at least partially beguiled by Impressionism and Pointillism), the influence of artists such as Hiroshige and Kesai Yeisen, while marked, is neither obtrusive nor incompatible with the appearance of Provence. Later on, as he became more and more insistent on trying to translate the flat inks and flat patterns of the printmakers into oil paint, the atmosphere and color effects became anything but limpid and gay—and less and less like the ostensible subject of his pictures: Provence.

By the time of his departure for Saint-Rémy, van Gogh had reached a far country indeed. Provence—and life—had become for him an earthly hell. He had already, at Arles, begun to contemplate suicide, and dominant themes of his letters from Saint-Rémy are "isolation . . . exile . . . always exile." The pictures done at Saint-Rémy are marked by what might be termed a "technical exile," reflecting his spiritual isolation. There was no longer in them any place whatsoever for the placidities of the Eastern printmakers or the iridescent optimism of his Parisian contemporaries. And in a curious turnabout, by divesting his style of all earlier influences, van Gogh comes closer to seeing the Midi plain in his last Provençal pictures—those terrible "inscapes" of a world reeling in seismic shock through utter chaos—than he did in many of the latter Arlésien canvases. It is not the Midi the tourists (or, for that matter, the natives) let themselves see, but it is waiting here for the next madman or genius who tries to stare down the Provençal sun.

Just Looking

MARYA MANNES

For over eight weeks, every Sunday at 3:45 and more recently on a Thursday night, Charles Collingwood has been taking a critical look at our newspapers and magazines in *CBS Views the Press* on television. The network has been planning such a show for a long time, and reviewers who remembered Don Hollenbeck's commentary some years ago, as I did, looked forward once again to this proper and stimulating examination of printed news by electronic news.

The first three shows were good and clear and honest: Collingwood is both responsible and articulate. If they were not reported here, it was partly because I believe a new program should not be judged until it has had time to shake down, and partly because I felt a certain excitement was lacking and could not define the reason. There was nothing wrong with the show, and yet something was not right.

Lately, after reading the transcripts of eight of these programs, I am even more mystified, for they are very good indeed. The range is wide: One day, *CBS Views the Press* will examine a single story, like the Cuban invasion or the fighting in Angola, and show the omissions or confusions perpetrated by various newspapers; another day it will concern itself with innuendo and misrepresentation by headline and quotes; on still another it will analyze (with little enthusiasm) the new formats of *Life* and the New York *Herald Tribune*. The aim is accurate, the charges are specific, and the tone has the proper balance between gravity and amusement.

This, indeed, may be part of the trouble, if trouble there is. Like people too well adjusted, the program may be too reasonable. I seem to remember with Hollenbeck on that job a certain bite and moroseness, a sardonic quality that made his comment arresting and provocative. Collingwood informs, and the nature of his information should arrest and provoke but, to this viewer at least, does not. I also suspect, rather uneasily, that we as a people are not as interested as we should be in the composition of our news diet. We like some papers and we don't like others; we have our favored magazines, but unless we are actively involved in journalism, the way it is cooked and served does not preoccupy us. Only when we feel we have been denied news—and then by government restriction rather than press failure—do we rouse ourselves to active interest.

Yet someone should monitor the press as the press monitors television. CBS News has the qualifications and standards to do it, and Charles Collingwood is a man with the judgment to handle his assign-

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SAUL BELLOW

in Esquire . . . on Khrushchev

He lives under an iron necessity to be right. What he perhaps remembers best about men who were not right is their funerals.

DAVID SCHOENBRUN

in Esquire . . . on DeGaulle

If he were to die, to depart or to be deposed by force before bringing about an honorable end to the Algerian war, then France would become another Spain, subjected to a Franco-like dictatorship.

BURT GLINN

in Esquire . . . on Otto Preminger

In an industry whose poet laureate is Louella Parsons, whose foreign policy spokesman is Spyros Skouras, and whose red badge of courage is a small seal indicating compliance with a moral code laid down by Warren Harding's Postmaster General, a Preminger can become a giant by default.

GORE VIDAL

in Esquire . . . on social climbing

Although it is possible to live a successful life in the United States without ever noticing class differences, for those so-minded our social structure is actually every bit as complex and hieratic as the ancient Byzantine court . . . "Inequality," observed William Dean Howells somewhat unexpectedly, "is as dear to the American heart as liberty itself."

DOROTHY PARKER

in Esquire . . . on historical novels

I wish people would either write history, or write novels, or go out and sell nylons.

WILLIAM K. ZINSSER

in Esquire . . . on D. H. Lawrence

He could not stand to be touched. He evidently was not homosexual but anti-sexual, repelled by intimacy of any kind and exceedingly uncomfortable with women, perhaps because he grew up in a family of males and spent his life in male occupations.

JOHN CROSBY

in The New York Herald Tribune . . . on Esquire

Esquire assumes you're a part of the avant garde, or otherwise what are you doing reading the magazine? This is marvelously flattering, and it seems to be working with a vast number of readers.

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ment wisely. It deserves an audience. Let us hope that it will be able to keep one.

THE ONLY OTHER SHOW of this television season to attempt freshness of format and substance is WNEW-TV's bid for attention against Paar and late movies, *PM East* and *PM West*. *PM East* is hosted (I believe the word is) in New York by Mike Wallace and a newcomer (well known on Canadian television), Joyce Davidson, and lasts from eleven to twelve midnight. After that, the television critic Terence O'Flaherty takes over for a half hour—too late for me—in his own San Francisco, largely with interviews of local personalities.

After being briefly involved in one *PM East* and seeing several others, I have mixed impressions. Again, it should be better than it is. The basic idea is to draw on the marvelous human riches of New York and channel them each night into one special area. On a Monday, say, the subject is rock 'n roll, and you get people around who play it, sing it, loathe it, love it, dissect it, and live off it. On a Wednesday, it's Money, and you range from the race track to the Chase Manhattan Bank, stopping off at some intersection in mid-Manhattan to thrust a mike into a New Yorker's face and ask him how much income he'd like to have and how much he has in the bank. (He'll tell you.) Wallace and Davidson are, of course, the connective tissues, trailing wires behind them, interviewing, chatting, bridging, chopping, controlling. Now, Mike Wallace is an immensely likable person who has developed markedly in range and depth since he put people on the hot seat in his earlier interviews several years ago on the same channel. Joyce Davidson can be called a cutie pie; she is a small and very pretty blonde with a melting kitten face and a low light voice that conceals, I suspect, a cool shrewdness and a whim of iron. Both of them are polished pros and they should be an effective couple. But they are not a couple; they are merely alternates. I get the strange feeling that they never really connect, that they are each operating on different levels, and that the communion which would give a show

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like this its special dimension and warmth is lacking.

Quite beyond this, the original premise (which may be modified) of one subject a night seems to constrict rather than unify. For one thing, it has the burden, especially heavy for television, of predictability. For another, the bridgework shows: the effort and complication of fitting the various elements—film, interviews, songs, panels—into a single frame have been, so far, evident. There seems little room for improvisation or relaxation, qualities that have made the Paar show, whatever you may think of its master, the audience puller it is.

PM East has its moments of fun and originality and curiosity. How soon it can become a habit, how regularly it can keep us from bed and a book, is another question.

On the subject of critical omissions, it may seem strange that no comment has been made in this column on the John Crosby show after months and months of Sundays. One reason is propriety: should a critic who appears on television criticize a critic who appears on television? Is not the house entirely of glass? Another reason has been that my admiration for Mr. Crosby in print has not carried over, unfortunately, to the screen. Something seems to happen in transition. The humor and attack and invention that make his columns so readable and revivifying—he has the gift of saying things that need saying at the moment they should be said—do not seem to translate intact. Too many elements blur them: a panel that seldom seems to jell, and an audience of students who add little. It is, in plain truth, just another talk show—literate, indeed, and civilized, but lacking in form and direction. Having conducted a "talk show" myself on the same channel two years ago, I am acutely aware of how difficult it is to provide either. Perhaps it takes more homework and structural planning than writers are prepared to do. Few of us who think alone are natural showmen, although we may choose to expose ourselves to the public.

Perhaps I have missed the best Crosby nights. At any rate, the first stone has been cast and the glass house will take what's coming to it.

BOOKS

The Heirs of Russia's Past

PATRICIA BLAKE

THE RUSSIAN INTELLIGENTSIA. Edited by Richard Pipes. *Columbia University Press. $4.50.*

"The writings of Pushkin, Herzen, Turgenev, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, or Chekhov (distributed in the Soviet Union in astronomical quantities), from the point of view of the Soviet government, are the most subversive literature conceivable," writes Professor Richard Pipes, the editor of this splendid volume of essays. "In spirit and in letter they reject practically everything that government

does and stands for—a fact that does not escape the more sensitive Russian of the present generation. And yet these writers have become assimilated into the main body of Russian secular culture to such an extent that no Russian government can reject them unless it wishes to create a cultural vacuum. . . . This cultural heritage, especially as embodied in its greatest single glory, Russian classical literature, is perhaps the most effective form of impact of the old cultured class on posterity. . . . The hold this culture exercises on Russians is so strong that through it a class which is historically dead acquires, posthumously, ever new heirs and successors."

No western visitor who comes to the U.S.S.R. today bearing any sort of debt to Russia's liberal humanistic tradition can fail to be moved by its "new heirs and successors"—the Soviet citizens of all ages and conditions who hold Pushkin and Nekrasov, Radishchev and Herzen, Tolstoy and Turgenev as gods. In my experience, such people are everywhere in Russia. The foreigner who is armed with a copy of one of the Russian classics in his pocket, who has memorized a few stanzas of nineteenth-century poetry, or who is on familiar terms with some of the heroes and heroines of the great Russian novels is almost bound to provoke an overwhelming response. A railway coach can at once become the scene of a recitation of *Eugene Onegin*, with every traveler participating. The stranger one meets in a Park of Culture and Rest may, after a minimum of chitchat, deliver himself of a fervent exposition of Herzen's past and thoughts. Moreover, workers are actually to be seen reading nineteenth-century novels during the rush hours in the Moscow subway. My own Intourist chauffeur—obviously, alas, an employee of the KGB—carried a volume of Tolstoy's correspondence in the glove compartment of our Pobeda.

AMONG many such encounters, I remember with particular emotion an informal gathering in the student common room of a polytechnic institute in a provincial Russian city. The walls were decorated with a great ochre portrait of Marx, a photograph of Lenin as a baby, and a bulletin board on which were tacked the current *Komsomolskaya Pravda* and a recruiting poster for joyful labor on the "virgin lands" of Siberia. A student was playing "Cherokee" on an upright piano in a corner, while a score of boys and girls settled down on the floor for the evening's entertainment. Then one by one, they stood on a scruffy brown-leather sofa which had been moved to the center of the room and recited a poem from memory, beginning with the "Golden Age" of the 1820's and, as the century progressed and was surpassed, going on to Bely, Blok, Esenin, and Pasternak. Around 2 A.M., one of the girls, a robust little person with a blond pigtail

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Acrostician— JOHN L. LEWIS

hanging down her back, peasant fashion, rose for the last recitation: Pushkin's *"Exegi Monumentum,"* written in 1836, a few months before his death. As she came to the last stanzas her voice trembled and broke; the audience joined her then, murmuring the lines like some responsive portion of the liturgy:

"And to the people long shall I be dear
Because kind feelings did my lyre extol,
Invoking freedom in an age of fear
And mercy for the broken soul."

Afterward I spoke a moment with the girl. She told me she would soon graduate from the institute with a degree in metallurgical engineering and had already been assigned to a job in a steel plant in Magnitogorsk. I suggested that this seemed a long way from Tsarskoe Selo, but the incongruity escaped her. She eyed me solemnly and said, "Pushkin is my life."

SENTIMENT ASIDE, it is difficult for the westerner to conceive how a body of literature might so engage the consciousness of a people. As several of the essays in this book demonstrate, the intelligentsia of nineteenth-century Russia was seemingly as estranged as any in world history from the facts of national life—a Philistine autocracy above and the mute, suffering masses below. And yet it is said that in Pushkin's time, or so my Soviet friends assure me, the illiterate peasantry knew his verses by heart.

The story is probably apocryphal, but it is surely true that since Pushkin first "invoked freedom in an age of fear" there existed a singularly organic connection between the liberal intelligentsia and the people; the writer, and especially the poet, desired above all else to act as the conscience of the autocracy and as the spokesmen for the inarticulate aspirations of the people. It is evidently this aspect of classical literature that continues to mesmerize the Russian. The countercurrents of desperate dogmatism and frenzied religiosity in nineteenth-century thought—insofar as the Soviet citizen is aware of them—are no rivals today to the tempered and tenderhearted

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humanism of a Pushkin, a Turgenev, or a Chekhov.

Yet the western visitor, touched as he may be by a people enraptured by its national culture, must at some point ask himself what it all means in terms of the profoundly established and schematized moral evil of Soviet society.

The essential quality of the intelligentsia under the Czarist autocracy has apparently not survived under the Bolsheviks, namely, "the moral passion with which they attacked the great questions of the human condition, and their pursuit to a ruthlessly logical conclusion," as Martin Malia has defined it in his book. Max Hayward, in his essay on Soviet writers and the "thaw," points out that the intellectual who has been straining for more independence since Stalin's death is by no means a Rip Van Winkle from the nineteenth century; a certain accommodation to the *fait accompli* of the Soviet dictatorship is implicit in his demands. The present-day intellectuals, says Hayward, "are conscious of belonging to a complex and literate society in which they should be an enzyme rather than an abnormal growth. They want to be, and indeed, already are, part of the body politic. Their main battle . . . is to gain recognition for themselves in this modest role."

Davis Burg, another contributor to this book and a former Moscow University student, suggests that the more disaffected intellectuals tend either to take refuge in their private lives from the exigencies of the state or to ruminate in a high-minded but largely inchoate fashion on the injustices of the Soviet world. Few seem inclined to draw "a ruthlessly logical conclusion" from their condition.

INDEED, as the embittered young painter in Ilya Ehrenburg's novel *The Thaw* says, "With ideas you can only break your neck." Only once in recent history did a man, Pasternak, dare rise above the schema of Soviet society to confront his destiny and Russia's. Others may yet act in the great tradition that is in their memory. For the rest there remains a lingering, loving sense of the rightness of the old intelligentsia; a small matter perhaps, but nonethe-

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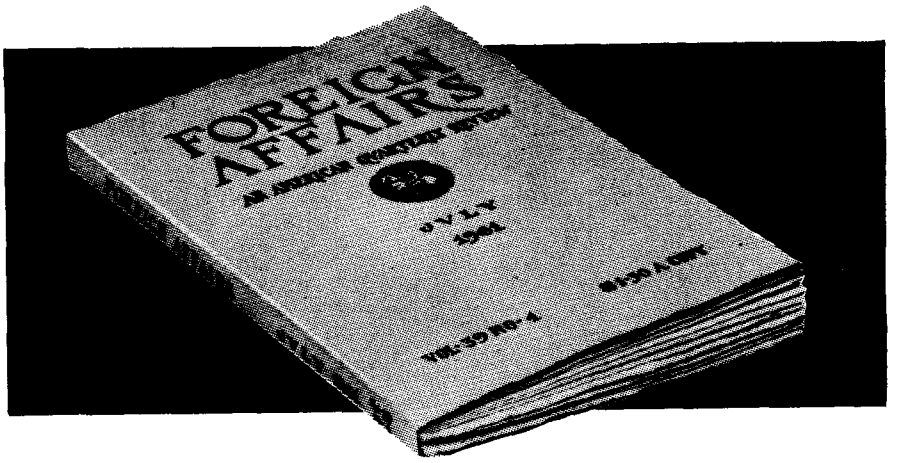

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The Greeks Had No Word for It

GEORGE STEINER

BETWEEN PAST AND FUTURE, by Hannah Arendt. *Viking. $5.*

The ruin of Athenian democracy through imperialist adventure and the Peloponnesian War has played a persistent, emblematic role in western political thought. Embodying, as it does, the destruction of the most brilliant and articulate political community ever achieved in the West, the downfall of Athens seems to stand for some larger fatality in human affairs. From Thucydides on, moreover, historians and students of politics have rejected the idea that the Athenian *polis* failed through external circumstances, that its ruin can be ascribed to pestilence, Spartan military power, or the rise of Macedonia. As in Greek tragedy, the motives of disaster must be found within Athens itself. The tragic flaw is inseparable from the genius and preeminence of the Periclean city.

IN THE FINEST of the essays collected in this volume, Miss Arendt discerns two fateful omissions or unresolved contraditions in Greek political theory. The first is the total absence from Greek political experience of the concept of authority. The very word is Latin and has no just counterpart in the Greek language. As Miss Arendt defines it, the authority of the one who commands over the one who obeys rests neither on coercion nor on persuasion; it arises from the common recognition of a social and political hierarchy whose rightness and legitimacy both recognize and where both have their predetermined stable place. The Romans founded this hierarchy on an articulate, living concept of the past. To engage in politics signified to them "to preserve the founding of the city of Rome." Those in authority were the elders "who had obtained it by descent and by transmission (tradition) from those who had laid the foundations for all things to come." All Roman fathers were, in a concrete sense, founding fathers.

The extraordinary force and soundness of this notion of traditional, patristic authority, Miss Arendt says, were demonstrated by the fact that it survived the decline of the Roman Empire and carried over into the Christian Church. Greek political thought, on the other hand, strove vainly to find a middle course between the coercive rule of the tyrant and the essentially unstable, ever renewed process of government by persuasion and plebiscite—the democracy of the eloquent. But it is the Greek failure, argues Miss Arendt, and not the Roman insight which now conditions our political experience. Liberal thought, she says, fails to distinguish between tyranny, authority, and totalitarianism. It has accepted the axiom that power corrupts without examining what kind of power is meant.

In a sense the whole matter of politics—the "problems of human living-together"—are too simple and ephemeral to merit the attention of philosophers. This turning away from the political, or, more exactly, the attempt to make of politics a mere adjunct to metaphysics, is the second major source of the failure of Greek political thought.

Miss Arendt contends that Platonism has bequeathed to the western tradition a lasting philosophic schizophrenia. By making of the philosophic act the highest that man can achieve, Platonism infers that the contemplative life is immensely nobler and more valuable than the active life. Contemplation dwells on that which endures; action deals necessarily with the transient and the impure. For the philosopher the

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ideal political state is that which grants him the highest measure of freedom in which to pursue his contemplative and inquiring life. Action becomes important to the philosopher only when it threatens contemplation. Miss Arendt argues brilliantly that it was the death of Socrates—the breakdown of coexistence between the body politic and the philosopher—which compelled Plato to devise a philosophic rule over political life.

WHAT PLATO devised in *The Republic* was "a tyranny of reason" by the philosopher-king. Myths of punishment or reward in future life would obtain present obedience from ignorant, unquestioning men. Miss Arendt shows how much cruelty and philosophic contempt inheres in the famous Platonic parable of the cave, in the image of common men chained to a life of illusion and darkness. Her suggestion is strengthened if we remember that Plato's vision of "underground man" may derive from the existence led by slaves in the hideous Thracian silver mines.

Philosophers did not become kings, and Plato's paradigm of the dominion of spirit over action proved vain. But his attempt to give political power a basis and sanction in "future life" persists nearly to our own day. Radicals and conservatives both profit from it; Robespierre justified his actions by referring to the "Immortal Legislator," and John Adams regarded a belief in future reward or punishment as the necessary foundation of any constitutional law. Each time we take an oath before a notary or in court, we pay tribute to the ancient doctrine that "they who believe are prevented from lying by the fear of hell."

Working outward from a study of the concepts of authority, freedom, and tradition in classic political theory, Miss Arendt touches on our own crises of education and mass culture. These are aggravated by the peculiar quality of our historial awareness, by our rather sudden severance from the sense of continuity that governed earlier notions of history. We are at the same time of history and outside it, being faced by an unprecedented occasion for self-destruction and by a breakdown in that minimal consensus which made pos-

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sible communication between diverse ideologies in the past.

This view, which derives its eloquent force from her own study of totalitarianism, leads Miss Arendt to a somewhat odd and obscure position. I can most accurately describe it as a kind of radical paternalism. As Miss Arendt sees it, the crisis of the present world is in essence political. It consists primarily "in the decline of the Roman trinity of religion, tradition, and authority, with the concomitant undermining of the specifically Roman foundations of the political realm." The revolutions of the modern age are "gigantic attempts to repair these foundations, to renew the broken thread of tradition, and to restore, through founding new political bodies, what for so many centuries had endowed the affairs of men with some measure of dignity and greatness."

But with the exception of the American Revolution, in which Miss Arendt sees an essentially conservative and Roman strategy, the fact is that all revolutions since the French have gone wrong, "ending in either restoration or tyranny." Lacking a foundation in a concord of social and moral values (tradition) and having relinquished the transcendent basis of law (theology), secular liberalism has brought with it perennial political crisis and resort to armed chaos. Liberals and humanists are gravely at fault for thinking "it would be possible to remain within an unbroken tradition of Western civilization without religion and without authority."

Even if we hedge it about with all of Miss Arendt's highly personal and complex use of language, this statement gives one pause. It could be signed by any number of "traditionalists" ranging all the way from Marshal Pétain and Dr. Salazar to T. S. Eliot, Allen Tate, and the Southern agrarians of the 1930's. There shimmers behind it that Utopia of a pastoral order and patriarchal hierarchy which gives to so much of modern right-wing thought its nostalgic, romantic flavor. I don't, in fact, believe what Miss Arendt says about Rome. Even under the republic, the basis of patrician rule was caste and naked power, not the sacred, mutually endorsed concept of tradition. And how is there to be renewal and fresh discovery within the body politic unless tradition is challenged and set aside?

Throughout Miss Arendt's subtle argument there is a void of historical fact. Like others trained in German academic metaphysics, she seizes upon ideas and abstractions with an arresting intensity. More than any political scientist writing today, she can make an abstract concept fiercely alive. But behind the maze of philosophic discourse there is little awareness of how problems and political conflicts actually arise or are fought out. Too often the bones of her argument crumble in our hands because they have no flesh on them. To this difficulty one must add a repetitive and labored style. This, however, is because Miss Arendt suffers the harshest mode of exile—exile from her own language. And it should not keep the reader from seeking access to one of the most original and powerful minds now at work in the vexed field of politics. «»

An Imaginary Island

F. W. DUPEE

The Lime Twig, by John Hawkes. With an introduction by Leslie Fiedler. *New Directions. $3.50.*

Passing Time, by Michel Butor. Translated from the French by Jean Stewart. *Simon and Schuster. $3.95.*

In making their country the scene of their celebrated love quarrel with the Establishment, the younger English novelists have largely abandoned the blossoming hedgerows and mossy manor houses of traditional English fiction for smoky streets and workshops, plebeian pubs and pads. Until now, however, I have encountered no writer of any nationality who visits upon ancient Britain so much modern ugliness and depravity as do the authors of *Passing Time* and *The Lime Twig,* the first of whom is a Frenchman, the second an American.

Yet neither writer has any urgent business, quarrelsome or other, with England considered as a distinct social and historical entity, and it is significant of their aims as novelists that they do not. Excellent as both are at describing what one is fully persuaded are authentic English sights, and remarkable as Hawkes's ear seems to be for colloquial English speech, neither employs this foreign locale in order to compose an "international" novel in the tradition of, say, Henry James and Thomas Mann. They belong to a more recent tendency of novel writing that conceives of other countries as countries of the mind and shows only a limited interest in the play of comparative manners.

So no observant adventurer from his native America is included among Hawkes's characters in *The Lime Twig;* they are all English. The hero of *Passing Time,* on the other hand, is a young Frenchman who has contracted to spend a year clerking in a business office in a huge industrial city of England, a sort of mythical Manchester called Bleston. He begins by reacting unhappily to the food, the climate, and the uncommunicative natives. But this not uncommon experience of visitors to Britain is quickly converted into a horrid metaphysical predicament. He becomes a Stranger in an Estranged Universe, another of the many recent French heroes who seem to be impersonating K. in *The Castle.*

Eventually, therefore, their choice of an English setting is incidental to the larger purposes of Butor and Hawkes. If this setting challenges their descriptive powers just by being foreign to them, it also suggests the world-wide contagion of ugliness and depravity, the universality of the modern nightmare. For the two writers do have certain purposes in common, even though Butor is supposed to be an exponent of the *nouveau roman,* a current French specialty, and although Hawkes, according to Leslie Fiedler's introduction to *The Lime Twig,* is "that not uncommon American case . . . a lonely eccentric, a genuine unique." Hawkes, like Butor, is intent on squeezing blood out of the novel, a form of writing that is sometimes said to have become as bloodless as the turnip. And both do so by

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abandoning the standard procedures of realism, a mode of fiction that is often alleged to show us only what we know already. It might be argued on theoretical grounds that the procedures of anti-realism have been exploited just as thoroughly as those of its opposite number, that the novel of total subjectivity and pure perception has itself become conventionalized, and that the nightmare novel threatens to become a nightmare of boredom.

BUTOR'S *Passing Time* suggests that this theoretical possibility is already a fact. In his obsessive hatred of Bleston, the hero imagines that a detective story he has read is literally true. Someone in Bleston has been murdered, probably with the connivance of one or more of the hero's English acquaintances. He not only comes to believe all this; he gives so much of himself to tracking the supposed murderer down, to recording these efforts in his journal, and to worrying the problems of Time and Being in the same document, that he forfeits the affections of two charming English sisters and generally loses out all around in Bleston. A stricter economy might have saved this tale on the theme, surely a delicate one, of deluded subjectivity. Butor draws it out to three times the length of that classic on the same theme, *The Turn of the Screw*. Deluded subjectivity is a favorite theme of Robbe-Grillet, Nathalie Sarraute, and other contributors to the *nouveau roman:* are they trying to suggest that there are no *real* rapes, murders, and conspiracies any more? Like those writers, Butor disregards long-term motivation and rejoices in discontinuities of event and character, in order—presumably—to heighten the immediacy of subjective experience. His hero has no past. No letter from home, no personal memory of France, ever comes to him throughout his long and exhaustively journalized stay in Bleston. The effect of the discontinuity principle here is merely to heighten the preposterousness of the story. Butor's hero cries aloud for a little standard realism of motivation.

Passing Time was an early effort of its author's; first published in France as *L'Emploi du temps* in 1957, it has been followed by other and somewhat more rewarding novels. Butor has abilities which his too formidable equipment of methodology and ideology tends to stultify. His instincts seem to be lyrical, tender, curiously innocent; his mind is like a bulldozer leveling a garden tract in order to convert it into a parking lot. His relation to Hawkes reminds me of the suggestive but studiously unjust comparison that Sartre once made of Proust and Faulkner. Faulkner, he said, is a thoroughgoing lost soul while Proust, a good Frenchman at heart, was a lost soul only over the weekend. Butor seems to be a weekend lost soul. His hero recovers his senses at the end of *Passing Time,* repents of his obsession, and ties neatly together all the themes and symbols of the book. Butor is a case of what, I believe, Sartre had in mind: experience vitiated by philosophy. Hawkes is more like Sartre's conception of Faulkner: experience unvitiated by philosophy.

AND UNCLARIFIED by it as well? The moral opacity of *The Lime Twig* is startling, at least on a first reading. The book is a saturnalia of sex and murder which does not even erupt, as *Lolita* does, in laughter, in the burlesque of itself and its type. It is far from humorless in detail, but the total effect is not comic. Three affectionate and well-meaning people are drawn into a career of petty crime, and are themselves then defrauded and destroyed by a gang of mobster criminals. As in old comedy, the little cheater is cheated, in fact done to death. But here the big cheater survives, in fact looms powerfully like the very Life Force. Thus *The Lime Twig* probably *is* nightmare, and yet Hawkes gets new horror out of the old form. Blood flows again, or at least spurts. It does so because he combines exceptional powers of invention with an exceptional ability to sustain his stream-of-perception style. The odd angles from which things are observed, the strong but refined pulse of the prose—these put all the horror in perspective, cause it to sing, make it into art, or something like it. In a paradoxical way, England has been well served after all, and so has the American novel.

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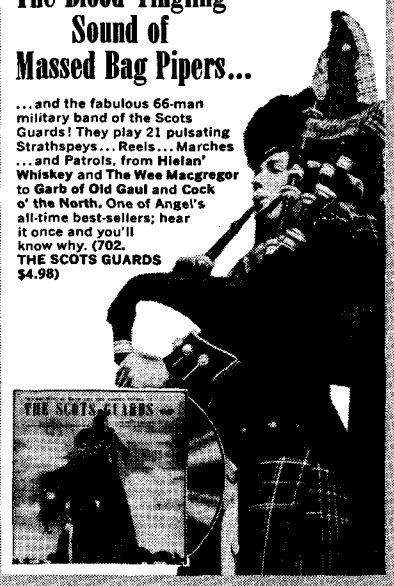

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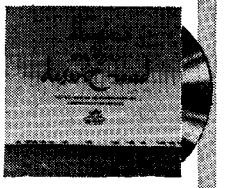

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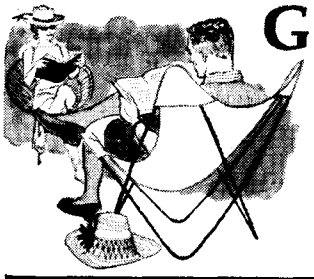

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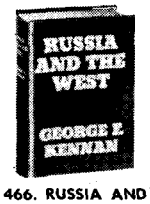

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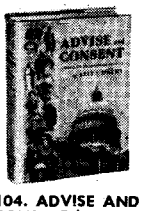

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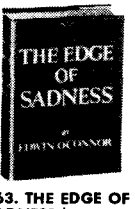

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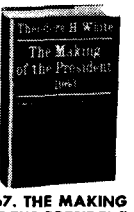

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